LE BEAU MONDE,

OR,

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR AUGUST, 1807.

NON PRÆTER SOLITUM LEVES.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. Portrait of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.
2. Four beautifully coloured Costumes for Ladies and Gentlemen.
3. An *Original Piece* of Music; the Words by a Lady of Distinction, and the Music by Mr. Corri, the Author of the Music to the *Travellers*.

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Printed and published by and for J. B. BELL and Co. No. 11, Catharine-Street, Strand.

TO THE PUBLIC, OUR READERS, AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Supplement, which completes the First Volume of this Magazine, has to boast of a most beautiful Frontispiece, engraved in a style of very superior excellence by that distinguished artist Scriven, after an original design by that celebrated master Davis. The Proprietors can with confidence affirm, that no Magazine, hitherto published, has ever yet been enriched with so splendid and masterly an embellishment. This has been done at a considerable sacrifice as to expence, in order to convince those Subscribers who honour them with their patronage, and the Public at large, that they are determined to verify their promises: and they beg leave to assure their Subscribers and the Public, that for the future they shall continue unremitting in their efforts to give satisfaction to their Readers, and no expence will be spared to render this Work pre-eminently deserving of the patronage of an enlightened and polished Public.

The Subscribers are requested to observe, that Orders for this Half-Yearly Supplementary Number should be given to their Booksellers or Newsmen, and with as little delay as possible, in order to ensure the best Impressions.

Accessions of literary strength have likewise been made to the Magazine, too important to be passed over without communication. The Proprietors do not feel themselves at liberty to disclose names, or they could mention some of the most exalted Literary Characters of the present age, who have approved so highly of their work, that they have pledged themselves to become constant Correspondents, and have promised their powerful aid and co-operation in each succeeding Number of this Magazine.

A pleasing piece of Original Music is added to this Number of the Magazine, and as the Proprietors promised, in a former Number, to increase the attractions of their Work by adding Embellishments, and by augmenting the number of their Pages appropriated to Literature, according to the Patronage the Magazine might have: they, therefore, presume to offer this Number as a proof of the sincerity of their promises, and of their determination to continue still to add to its merits, in proportion as the Magazine increases in sale. A piece of original Music will for the future be given in this Magazine, which will be composed expressly for this Work, both by English and Foreign Masters: the Music will be diversified and calculated for various instruments.

The next Number of the Magazine will be embellished, by special permission of his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, with a correct Likeness of his Royal Highness the late Duke of Cumberland, from an Original Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The Portrait is admirably engraved by Scriven. Beautifully coloured Fashions for Ladies and Gentlemen, and an Elegant Piece of Parisian Furniture will form the Novelties of the Twelfth Number.

Many applications having been made to the Proprietors of this Magazine for Proof Impressions of the Portraits that form a part of this costly Work, the Proprietors beg leave to inform the Nobility, Gentry, the Public, and the Amateurs of the Fine Arts, that any of the Proof Impressions, of the Portraits, may be had at the Office, in Setts at 3s. each, or separately at 4s. 6d. each.

In answer to those Correspondents who sign themselves "*A Friend*," and "*A Well Wisher to* "*Le Beau Monde*," we beg leave to assure them that arrangements are now made which will render the Fashionable Department of the Magazine conspicuously elegant; and much superior, to any thing of the kind hitherto attempted.

Verses written on Visiting a Distant Friend are inadmissible.

W. F's polite favour entitles him to our best acknowledgements.

Our *Richmond Correspondent* may rely on our attention to his hints.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of many other valuable communications, which we shall take an early opportunity of enriching our pages with.

Our Correspondents are again requested to favor us with their Communications, on or before the 10th of each month, addressed to J. B. Bell and Co. at the Office of *Le Beau Monde*, or *Literary and Fashionable Magazine*, No. 11, Catherine-street, Strand, London.

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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE.

Engraved by E. Scriven, exclusively for Le Beau Monde or Literary & Fashionable Magazine.

Published by J. B. Bell & Co. No 11. Catherine Street, Strand. August 1. 1807.

THE

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR AUGUST, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN,

The Eleventh Number.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

THE first requisite in the character of a Prince, says an illustrious writer, is that he should have the national traits of his country in a most prominent degree. A French Prince, continues the same author, should be at once the grace of the court and the pride of the field: he should be brave, in order to defend his country, and gallant in order that by his influence over women he may be enabled to govern men. It is sufficient in an English Prince to possess a solid understanding, an undaunted heart.

The DUKE of CAMBRIDGE, according to this definition, must rank high amongst our English Princes. He is distinguished amongst his Royal Brothers for the possession of a judgment clear, solid, and acute, and for his courage we have only to refer to the official reports of some of the battles of the late war.

His Royal Highness was born in the year 1774. It has been said, and we believe with truth, that his Majesty had taken an early resolution that his sons should all be devoted to the service of their country, and that alternately one should belong to the army and another to the navy. The Duke of York had chosen the army, the Duke of Clarence was appointed to the navy. It fell, therefore, to the lot of his Royal Highness to be destined from his birth to the army.

With this purpose it was resolved that his Royal Highness should be educated under a peculiar system. This system was in some degree fanciful, but it certainly encouraged the military propensity, and rendered discipline an habit. His Royal Highness was always clothed perfectly *en militaire*, with the exception of the epaulets, which were judiciously omitted. He had every morning the instruction of a serjeant, and rose at a very early hour. His first duty was to parade before the King with his Royal Brothers.

It was a more valuable part of the same system to inculcate in him the manly as well as military virtues of temperance and fortitude; by the latter we mean the passive habit of suffering hardships and privations not uncommon in a military life. The King was himself an eminent example of these virtues. The young Princes had only to imitate a copy which was always present to their eyes.

We have learned from those, who by their official duties were nearest in attendance upon the Royal Princes, that none of them were suffered to remain in their chambers after the hours of six in the morning, in summer, and seven in winter. The King used frequently to awake them himself. A frugal breakfast, chiefly of milk, but from which all kind of

meats were severely excluded, then awaited them alternately in their own apartments, and that of the Queen. They had scarcely finished this Spartan meal before they had to attend the call of their serjeant. An hour or more was then expended in the manual exercise, in which the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE early distanced his Royal Brothers.

Their hour of dinner was as little courtly as their hour of rising. Dinner was on the table for the Princes at two o'clock. The Queen of Wirtemberg did the honours of the first table, which consisted of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Duke of Clarence, and the Duke of Cambridge; the Queen of Wirtemberg, the Princess Elizabeth, and the Princess Augusta. The dinner invariably consisted of a joint, the vegetables in season, and a pudding or pye. One kind of meat was only allowed. If the Queen of Wirtemberg had ordered fowls, she was not permitted to add meat. A desert of the fruits in season, or dried fruits, closed this moderate repast.

As the Royal Children rose early, so were they compelled to retire soon. None of them were out of their respective apartments after eleven o'clock. The King and Queen, or at least one them, used to visit every apartment before they retired themselves. In a word, every thing was under the same arrangement and orderly distribution as in a private family.

It is, therefore, no reasonable subject of wonder that a family, thus simply educated, should arrive at manhood with a decided taste for simplicity. Accordingly, the most prominent and characteristic trait in all the Royal Family of England is the simplicity of their respective modes of life; a simplicity so necessary to happiness, and, in some respects, even to virtue. A simplicity so rare even amongst the opulent in a private station, and which might be in vain sought in every other court in Europe.

This system continued the whole time that the Royal Princes remained in the house of their Father. The eye of the King was never for a moment off his children, and they must confess, with gratitude, that whatever they possess, both of health and of mental energy, they owe to his attentive affection.

His Royal Highness received his first commission, as ensign, when he had reached the age of 16, and in the following year was created lieutenant. According to the regulations some interval should have intervened before his appointment to a company; but, in consideration of his Royal rank, he was nominated a captain, a major, and a lieutenant-colonel in two succeeding years.

As a subaltern officer his Royal Highness is stated to have testified much zeal in the discharge of his duties. It was known to be the will of his Majesty that the Prince should not be excused from any of his military duties, and the superior officers so far complied with the royal pleasure, that even a more than ordinary share of the routine duty was thrown upon his Royal Highness. His attendance on guard, and on the parade, was exacted with much severity, and his occasional absence regularly reported. Under this strictness of discipline his Royal Highness at once learned the duties of a subaltern and of a commander. He learned what the one had to exact and the other to perform. He learned, in a word, that perfect discipline required two qualities—the habit of ready obedience—and of a decision of mind in the commander which, in the discharge of his duty, respected no one.

It was not only, however, in this ordinary and necessary attendance that his Royal Highness distinguished himself as a subaltern officer. His zeal led him to a more active performance of service. Whilst an ensign, he passed almost the whole of his time in the Queen's House, in St. James's Park. Being, as we have before stated, a very early riser, he was invariably in the Park one or two hours before his breakfast; this interval he employed in the exercise of his men. No one accustomed to the courts of the other monarchs of Europe, seeing a young man walking laboriously backwards and forwards in the hottest mornings of Midsummer, sometimes covered with dust and perspiration, and always in the evident discharge of a laborious duty, no one we say, who saw this, would have imagined himself in the presence of a Prince of the blood, of a young man, whose exalted rank might have commanded the free enjoyment of every indulgence which might be supposed natural to his age and station.

In this manner, however, in common with all the Royal Family, was this Prince educated, and in this manner, in common with all his brothers, has he been rendered what he is. In a word, the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE may be characterised as possessing these qualities, which may be considered as characteristically distinguishing the whole of the Royal Family of England. Like his excellent Father, our most beloved Sovereign, he seems formed to become a pattern of domestic virtue. This is, perhaps, after all, the best quality for an English Prince and an English Monarch. In

the revolution of centuries, a state of things may doubtless arise which may require an Henry or an Edward to ward off the extraordinary peril of the times, and save his country from subjugation. But in the regular course of things, the domestic virtue, moderation, and simplicity of a monarch like our own venerable King, and the Princes of his family are, perhaps, of more real worth than the splendid talents of an Henry or of an Edward.

After his Royal Highness had been appointed to his company, a singular discussion took place with respect to his future education. It was strongly recommended by one part of the household, and amongst others, we believe, by the late Dean of Windsor, that his Royal Highness should be sent to one of the English Universities, whilst it was as strongly contended by another party, at the head of which was the Queen and the Hanoverian Regency, that he should be sent to Germany. The matter, we believe, was considered of consequence enough to be referred to the Privy Council; the King, for his own part inclining to send him to the University of Cambridge. The Privy Council, however, were decidedly of opinion that many inconveniencies would be inseparable from this latter arrangement, amongst which the principal were, that the Prince might become too closely connected wich his individual companions, that jealousies might thus be fomented, and the seeds of dangerous parties take root. It was observed, that an English Prince, who might eventually succeed to the throne, should be carefully kept distinct from all private attachment, that he should love and be beloved by the people, should be an object of attachment to all, but should have himself no acknowledged favourite.

These reasons prevailed, and his Royal Highness was accordingly sent to complete his education in the University of Gottingen.

The system of the German Universities is not very well understood in this kingdom. There is one part of it which it is impossible to speak of with any praise. The students are ranged according to their ranks, and an impenetrable barrier is raised between those of royal and those of merely noble rank. It is understood, however, that it was given in express command by the English Sovereign that these distinctions should not be ostentatiously observed with respect to the English, but that in every respect he should be educated with as much simplicity as could be consistent with his rank. These commands were so scrupulously obeyed that we believe the Prince did not even wear his star, the ordinary insignia of his rank during his residence at Gottingen.

His Royal Highness was absent in Germany for four years, during which, in the intervals of his studies, he visited the courts of the German Princes. His Royal Highness was received with peculiar distinction at the Courts of Brunswick and Mecklinburg. His manners and address were objects of general admiration. He merited the eulogy which we have before had occasion to bestow upon his Royal Brothers, the Dukes of Kent and York. He had nothing of the Prince about him but the superior grace of his demeanour. He was accessible at all times and by all persons. Nothing was necessary to approach him but a previous application.

His Royal Highness had the good fortune to escape unspoiled from the congealing ceremony of a German Court. The proud German nobility beheld with astonishment the condescension of the English Prince. They were aghast with wonder when they saw him return the salute of an unsettled passenger. They knew not, or rather they did not remember, that his Royal Highness belonged to a country where rival distinctions are only acknowledged as notifications for the general good, where they are not supposed, therefore, to elevate the natural value of the man, nor to excuse him in any manner from the equal exchange of personal civilities. This is all an unintelligible jargon to a German ear. As far as respects the reverence of ranks, the courts, and people of Germany are, or rather were, at least a century behind all the other nations of Europe.

In the course of the four years, during which his Royal Highness was absent, he acquired much useful knowledge. His Royal Highness, we believe, possesses an excellent knowledge of the Latin language, and even some proficiency in the Greek. The German Universities, however, had already caught that metaphysical contagion which has rendered their course of studies worse than useless. The insanity of Kant, reduced into a kind of system, had banished the simplicity of Locke, and the common sense of the English and former German philosophers. Every thing was thrown into an inextricable confusion, and the schools and universities presented that most ungrateful spectacle of human reason floundering beyond its possible compass. It was not to be expected, therefore, that a young Prince could take much pleasure, or derive much profit from these

absurdities. We believe that his Royal Highness was sickened of them at a very early period, and that this circumstance occasioned him to request permission to return to England.

Before his Royal Highness returned, he visited the court of the King of Prussia. Frederic II. very absurdly denominated Frederic the Great, unless the latter observation be confined solely to his military talents, was now no more, and the court of Berlin had lost that gloomy and austere air, which frightened gaiety from the very approach. The new monarch was in every respect the reverse of his predecessor. The court was immediately new modelled after that of Paris, and every thing instituted by the deceased King, with the exception of his military regulations, dismissed with a merited contempt. The philosophers were justly hunted out of the dominions which they had so long rendered accursed by their pernicious influence, and cold-blooded wickedness. In other words, the court of Prussia had become altogether as pleasing as it had hitherto been disgusting.

His Royal Highness, we believe, remained at Berlin during the whole of one winter,—the winter preceding his return to England.

The melancholy situation of the affairs in Europe rendered it now necessary for his Royal Highness to return to England without delay. The French National Assembly had now murdered their King, and every civilized power of Europe, with a just sense of the attrocity, deemed it necessary to take arms, and abate the nuisance. The King of Prussia had already sent his army under the command of the Duke of Brunswick, and the English ministry, following the sense of the better part of the nation, had become members of the same alliance. In a word, all Europe was in arms, and the continent was no longer a place of repose, or asylum for an English Prince.

His Royal Highness accordingly returned to England some time in the year 1793; and, unless we have been much misinformed, immediately requested of the existing administration to be employed against the enemies of his country. His request was deemed reasonable, and a ministerial promise was given, that he should be permitted to serve in the first important expedition.

In the following year his Royal Highness received his commission as colonel, but nothing occurred during that year in which the Ministers deemed that his Royal Highness's services were required. The affairs of the war did not proceed altogether according to the wishes of the allies. The French cause was such as to inspire its votaries with a mad enthusiasm,—with an impetuous furor, which carried every thing before it. The doctrine was still more tremendous than their arms. Every government in Europe began, with great justice, to consider itself in danger, from internal sedition, and even the English constitution was undervalued in the presence of the new philosophy.

In the following year his Royal Highness attained that period when, according to the English laws, is that of majority. He was now created DUKE of CAMBRIDGE, and called up to the House of Peers. Within a few months his establishment was arranged, and he was fully vested with those privileges which constitutionally belong to his rank.

His Royal Highness was no sooner called up to the House of Lords than he became an object of anxious solicitation to the contending parties. They saw, or thought they saw, that this Prince was possessed of abilities which might render him of essential service to any party which he would be induced to embrace. He was accordingly much courted; by Mr. Pitt, on the one hand, and by Mr. FOX, and the Prince's party, as it was called, on the other.

Under all these circumstances, it will not be considered as any reasonable subject of surprise that a young Prince, thus courted by the two parties, by the Minister on one side, and a leader of opposition on the other; the latter, too, as singular for his eloquence as for his seductive qualities, should incline to the opposition, and take a part against the existing administration. It must be added, moreover, that in despite of all the admirable qualities of Mr. Pitt, this Minister was much wanting even in ordinary respect to the family of his Sovereign. He seemed to consider himself as a servant who had a certain allotted point of duty; he was contented with serving, and very rarely solicitous to please. It is well known that even the King himself was accustomed to make many requests to this Minister in vain.

With this disposition, an austerity which Mr. Pitt seemed to inherit from his father, the truly great Earl of Chatham, it may be easily imagined that Mr. Pitt was never in much favour with the younger branches of the Royal Family: that, on the other hand, he was considered as one, against whom it was the common interest of all to coalesce.

The Prince of Wales had very early become the head of this anti-ministerial party. The Prince had experienced an abrupt refusal from the Minister, in an affair connected with his

debts, and with his establishment. The Prince would easily have forgotten, if the Minister had consented to the proposal of their common friends, and submitted to even a formal concession. But Mr. Pitt was not a Minister of expedients—he conceived that he had only executed his duty, and rejected the proposal of an apology with disdain. In plain words, he set the Prince at defiance. The opposition availed themselves of this rupture, and as Mr. Fox was surrounded by those of more address than honour, they were careful to widen it so as to shut the door against all reconciliation. In this manner commenced the Prince's party.

This party, which was prominent enough before the Regency, had, since that event, become still more separated from the Government, so that now there was an actual line of separation and distinction even in the Royal Family. It is but justice, however, to acknowledge that his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge was little more than a nominal addition to this party—that he supported the interests of his Mother, without taking a very decided part against the administration.

It was about this period that the conduct of the opposition party became so suspicious, and thence so generally obnoxious to the people, that its numbers were daily diminishing. Many of the first personages of the kingdom began now to consider the leaders of opposition as having gone too far in the support of the modern philosophy, and in a consequent systematic opposition of the war with France. The writings of Mr. Burke had produced this effect. He had rendered not only the party, but even the persons of the leaders of the opposition, most generally obnoxious.

In this state of things, the Royal Princes listened to the remonstrances of the friends of administration, enforced, as it is generally believed, by the commands of their Father and Sovereign. It was represented to them that the progress of the French doctrines menaced the existence of every established government in Europe,—that the countenance and active support of these doctrines was visible in the leaders of the opposition, that Mr. Fox had openly defended the National Convention, and that Mr. Grey had never spoken with any indignation even of the murder of the French King—that all of these several atrocities had been imputed to the natural, and therefore venial, excesses of a people heated by oppression; in a word, that the opposition seemed to consider themselves as having no other duty in Parliament than to be the advocates of French principles, and the vehement vindicators of French excesses.

These representations were not without their due effect, and the Duke of Cambridge was at length induced to break off his former connections, and to connect himself with the existing administration.

From this point of time, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge has continued to attach himself to the Pitt party; but even under his new connection, he still appears to have so far remembered his old grudge, that during the life of that illustrious Minister he was never cordially reconciled with him. He rather applied himself to cultivate that subdivision of Mr. Pitt's own party, which was in some degree in opposition to Mr. Pitt himself. It is needless to say that this was what has been called the Grenville party.

From this period his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge has maintained a close connection with the principal leaders of that party, and from his present political conduct and avowed sentiments, he is supposed to have put himself under the immediate instructions of Lord Grenville. It is well known of this nobleman, that, in addition to the common principles of his party, he entertained certain political maxims with respect to the aristocracy of the country, in which he cannot be borne out by the understood elements of the British constitution. The Grenville party, as it is called, has therefore never been in much favour with the people in general, and the Duke of Cambridge has in no degree augmented his popularity by connecting himself with this party. We are compelled, in common candour, to make this observation: The Duke of Cambridge, however, thus reconciled to the existing administration, renewed his applications to be employed upon active service. It is believed, that about this time there was on foot a kind of Court intrigue, the object of which was to send his Royal Highness as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The Irish nobility had long solicited the honour of being governed by a Prince of the Blood, instead of a peer like themselves. How far their expectations of advantage would have been realised, could they have accomplished the object of their wishes, it is not easy to say. But the experiment was not ventured, for Mr. Pitt made no hesitation to avow his decided resolution, that during his administration he would have no servants whom he could not control. It is but candid, moreover, to acknowledge, that the long experience of history most fully justified Mr. Pitt in the adoption, and rigid

adherence to this maxim of government. It could not indeed be expected that a Prince of the Blood would be as obedient to the Ministers as the constitutional responsibility of the Minister required.

In this manner was his Royal Highness foiled of one of the objects of his ambition. We believe that he afterwards solicited the government of Jamaica, but the Minister gave him the same refusal upon the same principles.

The Minister, however, at length consented to the repeated importunities of his Royal Highness; and as the war had taken a turn, which seemed to threaten Hanover, it was determined in Council that his Royal Highness should be sent into that Electorate. He was accordingly promoted to an additional rank in the army, and with a force of about six thousand English, and eight thousand Germans, was dispatched to Hanover, upon the commission of defending that Electorate from the French.

The affairs of the allies, however, had now taken a turn, that Hanover had to dread more from a pretended friend than from an avowed enemy. The King of Prussia, as is believed, had already conceived that plan which he afterwards executed; and as the reward of his treacherous neutrality, a treachery which has at length ruined himself in common with the other nations of the continent, demanded of France that Hanover should be added to his dominions. It was not the interest of France to refuse him this request, and accordingly she proposed a negotiation, which was encouraged, and indeed had already made some progress, when his Royal Highness the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE was appointed to the military command of that Electorate.

It will be understood, therefore, without much difficulty, that his Royal Highness had to enter upon his command, under a state of things which was not very promising, and to encounter difficulties which required the rare union of civil and military talents. It must not be concealed, that the conduct of His Royal Highness, amidst these embarrassing circumstances, was not such as had been expected. To whatever cause it must be imputed, so much is certain, that the conduct of his Royal Highness in Hanover has much lowered his reputation. He had been hitherto imagined a man of talents, but his uniform ill success had now created doubts with respect to this part of his reputation.

Though the King of Prussia and the French Chief had already resolved upon the seizure of Hanover, the plan was not as yet ripe enough for immediate execution. It was deemed prudent by these two worthy associates to pave the way for the accomplishment of their purpose by preparatory intrigues. A domestic party was accordingly cherished in the Hanoverian Court. His Royal Highness the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE found himself opposed by a cabal, which he in vain endeavoured to resist. Under the pretext of public good, every measure of actual defence against the common enemy was counteracted, and rendered nugatory. The DUKE of CAMBRIDGE was compelled to go with the stream. The populace clamoured for Prussian protection, and it was in vain that the governors suggested the possibility of Prussian treachery.

It was another artifice of the French and Prussian faction, and an artifice which had too much effect, to bring the person of his Royal Highness into popular discredit, by the invidious suggestion that he was a foreigner—a total stranger to the manners and habits of Germans. His Royal Highness's education had indeed not instructed him to conform himself to the gross tastes of the German nobility; he had an aversion to those indecent excesses at the table, which, under the name of hospitality and fellowship, have been considered as almost the virtues of the Germans. His Royal Highness, in common with all the Royal family of England, was simple, and occasionally abstemious, in his general way of living—his table was seldom loaded according to what is considered in Germany as necessary to his princely establishment—his guests were few, and the master of the feast always retired early.

To say all in a word, these habits, however suited to the sobriety and good sense of the people of England, were not so well adapted to the prejudices of Germans. His Royal Highness, therefore, had been but a short time in Hanover before he was treated with marked disrespect, and his government, or rather military command, became so troublesome, and so disagreeable, that, if report may be credited, he now solicited his recall with as much impatient eagerness as he had before implored for employment. The English Minister, however, was as deaf to these as to his former solicitations, and an answer was returned, that his Royal Highness must remain on his station during his Majesty's pleasure.

The affairs of Hanover continued to proceed in a similar progress; the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE and the English party having to contend with the united French, Prussian, and Hanoverian factions.

It was another unfortunate circumstance, that the Court of Prussia at this period was solely governed and directed by the Count Haugwitz, a man of great natural and acquired abilities, but so corrupted in the school of Frederic II. that, having no restraints of honour, conscience, or religion, he had generally obtained the reputation of being at once the most able, and the most profligate Minister in Europe.

It was scarcely to be expected that the moderate experience of his Royal Highness would be equal to a contest with such an experienced intriguer. Accordingly, in the short interval of a few months, under the government of his Royal Highness, the French and Prussian parties had so far accomplished the preparatory arrangements, that the French Chief at length saw every thing prepared for the execution of his final purpose.

Orders were accordingly given that a division of the French army should march for the Hanoverian frontier. His Royal Highness the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE issued an immediate manifesto, in which he called upon the Hanoverians to rally around the colours of their country, and the son of their Sovereign. They were reminded that they belonged to that ancient body which had so long constituted the barrier of Europe,—that Europe, which, but for the efforts of the Elector of Hanover, in his quality of King of Great Britain, would have been long since enslaved under the French yoke. They were commanded, therefore, to rise *en masse* against the common destroyer of nations, and exhibit an example to the other German states, which, if adopted and maintained, might yet deliver Europe, and avenge the injuries of humanity against French oppression.

It does not appear, however, that this appeal had the expected effect. The minds of the Hanoverians were in effect already poisoned by the French and Prussian intrigues; and the person of the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE was so much disliked, and his government held in such abhorrence, that the appeal perhaps would have been more effectual, had it not been issued under his authority, and signed with his name.

In this state of things, it was the advice of the Hanoverian Regency that the Duke should withdraw from the Electorate; and his Royal Highness concurred in this opinion. His Royal Highness here gave a singular instance of that prudence for which he has been much distinguished. He ordered all the plate of the Electoral Palace to be packed up; and though the danger was imminent, supervised himself the execution of his commands. A considerable part of it was even put into the same carriage with his Royal Highness. He saw the remainder carefully deposited on shipboard; and having made the inventory with his own hand, followed this valuable freight to England. We believe that he here likewise attended the unlading. It is but justice to the talents of his Royal Highness to acknowledge that his accuracy, vigilance, and unwearied assiduity, during this service, were so exemplary and so successful, that the plate arrived in safety at its final destination.

His Royal Highness, upon his arrival in England, found a state of things which he did not expect. Mr. Pitt had retreated from the administration, either from the cause or from the pretext of the Catholic Question. The King had declared his decided resolution that nothing should ever induce him to depart from what he considered his coronation oath. Mr. Pitt, on the other hand, considered himself as being too deeply pledged to the Irish Catholics to allow him any latitude of concession. In this state of things, the Minister, to the astonishment of Europe, gave in his resignation. Such was the ostensible cause of this unexpected change. It is now, however, well understood that the English Minister retired from other more powerful and more immediate reasons. The King had, at length, opened his ears to the importunities of a certain domestic party, at the head of which were the younger Princes of the Blood. Under this influence, his Majesty became more than usually solicitous for the restoration of peace, while Mr. Pitt, upon his part, was equally decided for the continuance of the war.

It may be well imagined that these divisions rendered the Cabinet and Household a scene of disorder. Every one arranged themselves on one side or the other. Mr. Pitt was a man of a too haughty mind to remain in office when he could no longer controul and govern. He accordingly rejected all the advances which were made to him daily for the first month which followed his resignation. He was persuaded, however, to lend his powerful assistance to the administration which succeeded him. Mr. Addington, now Lord Sidmouth, had not much cause for gratitude.

His Royal Highness the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE immediately embraced the side of the existing administration. Mr. Addington was, in every respect, more courtly and more compliant than Mr. Pitt. He found it necessary, perhaps, to his very security, to be thus assiduous in cultivating powerful connections: be this as it

nay, Mr. Addington refused nothing to the Princes of the Blood.

Mr. Addington, however, had possessed the reins of power but a short time when Mr. Pitt became jealous of his own work. The King, deserted as he had considered himself by the former Minister, applied himself closely to the Addington administration, and the consequence of this close connection of his Majesty and the Minister, was, that Mr. Addington became so rooted in the favour of his Sovereign that he now found himself strong in his seat. In this state of things he was no longer that humble instrument and servile creature, which Mr. Pitt had intended.

The Administration was thus again split asunder, and his Royal Highness the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE deemed it prudent to desert what he imagined to be a falling cause: he, accordingly separated from the Addington party, and again with his characteristic prudence connected himself with the Grenvilles.

An intrigue was now set on foot which is neither generally known nor generally understood. Mr. Pitt began to dread the daily increasing ascendancy of Mr. Addington. The King had now openly avowed his decided favour with respect to the latter, and with the fate of many illustrious statesmen, Mr. Pitt saw himself upon the point of being for ever supplanted by his own creature.

Under these circumstances certain indirect advances were made to Lord Grenville, who, upon the accession to Office of Mr. Addington, had united with the opposition. His Royal Highness the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE was, we believe, one of the medintors upon the occasion. The proposal of Mr. Pitt was in substance that Lord Grenville, and his party, should unite with the friends of Mr. Pitt, and by their united force, eject Mr. Addington from the Ministry. The conditions of this union were to be, that Mr. Pitt and his Lordship should again share the administration between them, and that the patronage of Lord Grenville should be augmented.

These political negotiations had not the expected success. Lord Grenville, in the hopes of ensuring his return to place, when abandoned by Mr. Pitt, had most unexpectedly connected himself with the Fox-party, in consequence of which his Lordship found it necessary to reply to the direct overtures of Mr. Pitt, that his existing engagements precluded him from accepting a share in any administration from which Mr. Fox should be excluded, that he had pledged himself to that party, that he would not re-enter upon office without participating with them in equal shares.

This unreasonable, not to say profligate proposal, was rejected by Mr. Pitt with merited scorn, and the negotiation was broken off a few days after it had been commenced.

His Royal Highness, we believe, was not more fortunate in several subsequent attempts to reconcile the Grenville and Addington parties. Lord Grenville had spoken of Mr. Addington in a tone of contempt and acrimony which it was equally impossible to forgive or forget. It is true, indeed, that, in former days, his Lordship had spoken with equal acrimony against Mr. Fox, but if is well known of Mr. Fox, that he was a man perfectly without gall—that his resentment was never beyond the moment, and that he had established it as a maxim of his life to disregard all political animosity. It is but justice, indeed, to say of Mr. Addington, that he was a man of almost equal good nature, but the injurious language of Lord Grenville, for such it assuredly was, was too recent—Mr. Addington might have forgiven it, but the people could not have forgotten it, and therefore would have regarded such a coalition as a proof of political profligacy.

His Royal Highness, therefore, had neither power nor influence during the whole period of Mr. Addington's administration; and when Mr. Pitt returned into power, his Royal Highness, upon a mature consideration of the chances, deemed it prudent still to adhere to the Grenville party.

Upon the death of Mr. Pitt, his Royal Highness's party entered into power. It was almost immediately in contemplation to reward the services of his Royal Highness by giving him an high military command, but serious impediments were in the way. It was necessary to procure the at least partial resignation of one illustrious personage and the consent of another.

This affair, however, had been almost completed when the uncalled for discussion of the Catholic Question again dismissed his Royal Highness's party from the administration. The proposed arrangement has fallen to the ground with its projectors.

His Royal Highness is now, therefore, again in the opposition.

His Royal Highness is in the 33d year of his age—active, and reputed to possess a good understanding; his person is manly, and his health robust.

PRINCE LOUIS ANTOINE HENRI DE BOURBON-CONDE, DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

AT a time when the conquests of Napoleon Bonaparte dazzle the minds of men, and make them, in the blaze of victory, overlook the memory of the crimes which led to his greatness, it is no unworthy task to recall to recollection how this man of fortune (for so the heathen world would have named him) this man of the Almighty's sufferance, his destined rod! (for so Christians acknowledge him), how he is the scourge of the earth, the conqueror and the chastiser, the despot of the nations, and the slave of himself! Ambition is his lord; and to satiate its demands, countries are depopulated, and the good and wise made to leave room for his tyranny, by banishment, tortures and death. How many of the bravest sons of France have been thrown out from her bosom, to seek graves in a foreign land! How many have sunk in blood to the tomb in their oppressed country! But none, like the virtuous and amiable grandson of Condé, were torn from a privileged asylum, to be butchered by assassins, at the dead of night, on the very soil that gave him birth—and to defend which he had often exposed his life—and to enslave which he was now sentenced to die!—Britons! Christians! Men! again turn your eyes on the picture: contemplate the wood of Vincinnes, and the Temple of Paris; and let the spirits of D'Enghein and of Wright cry ye to repentance! Let their sacred voices proclaim Bonaparte to be an instrument of vengeance on the sins of men: and let the virtues of heroes, as well as their valour, nerve your souls and your arms, to avert the destruction of nations, and the proud glory of this northern "Lucifer, son of the morning!"

Louis Antoine Henry de Bourbon, Duke D'Enghien, the illustrious subject of these memoirs, was born August the 2nd, in the year 1772. Nature endowed him with her finest gifts; a beautiful and intelligent countenance, an elegant and noble figure, and a carriage so dignified, graceful, and attractive, that his eyes persuaded ere his lips moved; and the homage which his mien commanded, his manners bound with the chains of judgment and affection. The education of this promising youth was entrusted to men of the most tried abilities, honour, and virtue. To unfold the superior qualities of their pupil, they had only to present to him the histories of his ancestors, and shew the blood of Condé, the bright track in which it ought to flow.—The young Duke was no dull scholar; his ardour ran before his teachers' lessons, and his heart beat to glory, while they were yet employed in defining the word.

The French Revolution broke out. Treason, rebellion, and murder dethroned the virtuous Louis XVI. ruined his family, and assassinated himself. The scene of such bloodshed was an *Aceldama* from which the feet of the Duke D'Enghien recoiled. He left it, not to avenge the horrible regicide, but to take up arms in defence of the yet remaining descendants of St. Louis; and if the god of battles smiled upon his sword, to immolate the detestable priests of Molack upon their own yet reeking altars.

The young Duke D'Enghien made his first campaign in the year 1792, under the command of his father the Duke de Bourbon, and of the Prince de Condé, his heroic grandfather. His second appearance in the field was in the following year, when he distinguished himself by examples of observation, promptitude, and invincible courage, that surprised all the generals, and rivetted their admiration.

In the battle of the 20th of August, where he made a most determined and successful charge at the head of the *Chasseurs Nobles*, he received an animated elogium from the intrepid Wurmser. Each succeeding day brought him new opportunities of distinguishing himself, and encreasing his renown on the twenty-first of the same month, when brilliant victory attended the valour of Condé's army, and the commands of its august chief, our youthful hero, though flushed with conquest, and sanguine with hope, put a curb upon his ardour, and evinced by the steadiness and wisdom of his movements, the dauntless, yet prudent, caution of a veteran warrior. The same spirit led him like a shining light through the hard conflicts of the 12th and 13th of September; and in the battles of the 13th of October, at the passage of Weissembourg; and at Bernstheim, on the 2d of December, his invincible firmness, vigorous manœuvres, and precision in command, proved to

astonishment, the grandeur of his soul, which remained tranquil and in collected force, amidst a scene of horror that might have appalled the stoutest heart.

On that glorious but dreadful day, in which the House of Condé presented the extraordinary and admirable sight of three generations combating on the same field and at the same time, with a handful of brave men, repulsing many thousands; whilst the Prince de Condé, at the head of his noble infantry, and in front of a sweep of cannon which thundered death in every round, seized on the village of Bernstheim, the young Duke D'Enghien following his father's valiant motions through another part of the tremendous field, while both were performing prodigies of valour, the Duke de Bourbon fell—a stroke from a sabre nearly deprived him of life, and dropping into the arms of his son—"Louis," cried he, "I am disabled—fight for your father's honour—let D'Enghien's arm carry the sword of Bourbon to the breast of my Sovereign's enemies!" The Duke, though overpowered with grief at the danger of his father, resigned him to other care, and resumed the command. With that rapid and unerring glance which characterizes the Condé's when in action, he observed the enemy's cavalry re-assembling near the spot whence they had been so lately driven. There was not a moment to lose: he immediately gave the word to his troops, and at their head, charged and routed the rallying squadrons, took their cannon, one of which he seized with his own hand, and returned victorious.—How did the wounded Bourbon weep, tears of joy, over the laurelled head of his virtuous son! How did the rest of the army, in whose wondering sight this instinct and gallant exploit was performed, how did they pour out their thanks to Almighty God for preserving this young hero, this darling Prince, from the dangers that surrounded him. In the course of the conflict two soldiers of the enemy aimed their bayonets at him—but they only pierced his clothes; and when the rents were observed to him, he said, smiling, "Man needs not armour, when God holds a shield."

Having paid his duty to his noble father, he accompanied the Prince de Condé into the hospitals of the officers and soldiers who had been wounded in the battle; and after administering every comfort of praise and necessary assistance to these brave men, he thought it not unbecoming him as a Christian, as well as a soldier, to visit his wounded prisoners. These unhappy wretches, so far from expecting such compassion, when they were led away, from off the field, to prison, exclaimed to their guards: "Why do you not kill us now?—are we not certain that we shall not be spared?—Condé will hang us all." Far from it; the field of Bernstheim was not the plains of Egypt; at Bernstheim the Duke D'Enghien commanded, and his prisoners had their wounds healed; they lived to bless him! In Egypt, Bonaparte gave the word, his prisoners were massacred, and his own sick made to swallow poison. Which of these two men is the hero?—Bonaparte may be great; so is Satan—D'Enghein was great, but it was like the angel Gabriel, speaking "Good will to men." The one may be a king in Hell; the other is a saint in Heaven.

At the commencement of the campaign of 1794, the young Duke received the order of the knights of St. Louis. During these hostilities, and those of 1795, Condé's army was ordered to watch the enemy and assist in guarding the Rhine. One night as the troops lay encamped along its banks, and all were gone to rest, excepting the usual sentinels, the ever anxious D'Enghein went from his tent, and stood for some time on a height near the margin of the river. The air was very still, and the night impenetrably dark; as he leaned forward against a breastwork, he thought he heard a faint noise proceed from the water, rather unlike its ordinary sound. He listened, and though it was gentle, it yet grew upon him, and presently he judged it to be the enemy who were attempting a surprise. They spoke not, but the dashing of their oars, though managed with wonderful caution, betrayed them to the watchful Prince; and descending from the height, he aroused his grandfather, called up the troops, and in a few minutes lined the beach with a body of soldiers, too strong to be forced by the invaders. The republicans were driven back with loss and ignominy; and new honours were the meed of the noble Duke.

In the month of July 1795, the Duke de Bourbon being appointed to an important and distant command, was separated for the first time from his son. Many were the tears which they shed at parting! (for the brave weep, while the tearless coward stands with a dry eye.) But what would have been their grief, if they had known that this was the last embrace they should ever exchange, the last sight they should ever have of each other in this world! An officer observing the young Duke's affliction, said, "Courage my Prince! you will again meet your noble father *in Paris!*"

"or in Heaven." returned he—Prophetic reply!—

In 1796, the Prince de Condé entrusted his grandson with the command of the vanguard; and in this momentous post he displayed yet many more instances of the powerful and glorious qualities of his mind. Faithful to the principles of his ancestors; like them, convinced that a good general may sometimes be defeated, but ought never to be surprised, or, while a ground of hope remains, totally subdued, he resolved never to allow the enemy the advantage of an unguarded moment. And he carried his resolution into effect, by being continually vigilant and active; attentive to every report and opinion; incessantly occupied in observing his adversary, watching his slightest movements, to discover his projects, and prevent, or render them useless by a vigorous defence. He never yielded to that dangerous repose, which is sometimes indulged in full confidence of safety, after any great fatigue and answering success. He used to say, "Fear "the enemy, and he cannot alarm you; con-"temn him not, and you will conquer him." He never consigned to another what he considered as his own duty; such as the care of examining the ground, fixing stations, and appointing places of rendezvous in case of attack. There was no part of the service which escaped his attention; and that which concerned the comfort of his men, engaged his whole heart. Though just and firm in his decisions, his soldiers loved his decrees; for they were always tempered with mercy; seeking rather to reform and warn, than to punish. He was the idol of his own soldiers, and the awful admiration of his adversary's.

Scarcely had the enemy opened the campaign of 1796, by passing the Rhine to Kehl and driving out the garrison, when the Duke D'Enghein hastened to recover the place. But the defeated troops were too much intimidated to make the impression he wished; and all he gained on the first onset, was the seizing a mill and some other important posts. On the 27th of June, he sustained a resolute attack under Offembourg, and kept his station notwithstanding the superiority of numbers was against him. At ten o'clock the same night, ambuscaded by the darkness, the assault was repeated with redoubled fury; but still he held his ground determined to maintain his post to the last, till an aide-de-camp brought him information that one division of his little army, on which he most depended, were retreating precipitately. No ostentatious valour stimulated him to sacrifice the brave men who would have stood by him, and giving the necessary orders, he gradually fell back to a position more secure, and which stopped the progress of the enemy.

The succeeding fortnight comprised a series of actions greatly illustrative of the extraordinary talents of the young Duke, who could thus, with a steadiness and foresight that would have been admirable in a veteran, bear himself, his soldiers, and the country invaded, through all the difficulties and horrors of a defensive war. This species of war, when well conducted, reflects the higher honour on a young general, because it is the least adapted to the ardour natural to youth. After having, with a small number of troops preserved an extensive and hardly contested station, on the 15th of July he was ordered to rejoin the main army; and from that time continued in the hazardous duty of covering its march. By his choice of stations, and the boldness of his manœuvres, he restrained the enemy from advancing to impede his progress towards the Iller; and he turned them successfully, during a retreat, in which he distinguished himself by keeping the field with parthian victory, during forty-five days incessant actions, as he made his way from the Iller to the Rhine.

On the 13th of August, assailed by a numerous force, who took advantage of their superiority of numbers to surround him, the Duke forced a passage through their battalions; and he afterwards held them in check; first at the Leck, and then at the Iller. He pursued them in their retreat; came up with them on the same day, (the 11th of September, 1796,) at Aicha; entered the town with them, and driving them out with all the vigour of youthful conquerors, again gave them no rest till they fled from Augsburgh also; which they did in such haste, that the hospitals were left full of their sick. The Duke D'Enghein's humanity had here another scene to come forward in; and it was not backward: the poor invalids, abandoned by their friends, found a tender comforter in their enemy.

On the 2d of October an engagement commenced, which lasted two days; and on the 10th of the same month, our young hero came to the resolution of attempting to dislodge the enemy from their strong positions on the heights of the Black Mountains; and, if possible, force them back to the plain of Friburgh. This was not the first time that the flag of Condé had waved gloriously over Friburgh: The Prince's youthful heart acknowledged the field of his ancestor's fame, and, "he trampled on impos-

"sibilities. The shade of the great Condé beckoned him from its towers, and he rushed forward to prove that his soul was worthy of his fathers. Nature in vain erected her bulwarks: lofty mountains, deep precipices, roads rendered almost impassible by deluging rains and sweeping torrents; alternate snow and extreme cold—all yield to the resistless ardour of the determined D'Enghein; he became master of the field. The heroic race of Condé were not to be foiled on this ground: the glorious Prince of that name, chased Merci from the plain of Friburgh, and obliged him to climb the Black Mountains to seek shelter from his arms; his great-grandson, pursuing an enemy who had invaded Suabia and Bavaria, precipitated him from the same mountains, and drove him headlong into the plain of Friburgh! Sacred be the memories of the heroes of Friburgh!

Whilst any thing remained to be done, the young Prince pressed forward, leaving past success as a mere prelude to future victory. As soon as Condé's forces (to which his division was attached,) had joined the Austrian army, the pursuit of the enemy recommenced.

The Prince de Condé arrived on the 24th, in the plain of Newbury, at the hour and moment that had been appointed by his allies, and instantly the Duke D'Enghein, with the vanguard, attacked Stainshade, a place defended by two thousand men. The conflict was severe—blood flowed on all sides, but the side of Condé prevailed. The enemy's cannon were taken, and themselves driven, under shadow of the night, to cross the Rhine, and at once abandon the country they had invaded. In short, two days more presented this happy sight to the Princes and their army. Their enemy, whose ferocious inroads had spread consternation through all Germany, returned within their own territory, and left the Condé's lords of the field!

The rapid succession of military events, during so many active campaigns, has not allowed an opportunity of giving instances of the private virtues of the Duke D'Enghien; but they merit as lively an interest, as is paid to the dazzling qualities of public worth; and some specimens of his conduct in the endearing paths of kindred affection, fidelity in friendship, and mercy to his fellow-creatures, shall precede the opening of those new scenes of toil, conflict, honour, and far-stretching renown, which, at last, ended with his death.

(To be concluded in our next.)

HISTORY.

ON THE CHINESE NATION.

WHEN the first Portuguese navigators reached China, they were astonished at its beauty and opulence, as well as the industry and civilization of its inhabitants. This celebrated empire embraces a square of fifteen degrees of latitude. It is bounded on two sides by Tartary and India, while the ocean separates its other sides from various Asiatic isles of great importance in the commercial system of Europe. In so prodigious an æra the climate of China must vary accordingly. It is in general temperate, yet the high mountains towards the north are covered with snow, which renders the cold very severe during three or four months. The southern parts experience a greater or less degree of heat according to their vicinity to the tropic; but this is rendered tolerable by the many grottos, groves, and cooling shades, to which the inhabitants retire during the middle of the day, when there is the same universal silence and cessation from business as at midnight. The soil is almost every where fit for tillage, and the industry of the people has converted the whole of it into fertile fields, by draining marshy grounds, confining overflowing waters, covering with earth barren rocks, and forming mountains into hanging gardens. Every spot of the empire is supposed to produce sufficient to maintain its inhabitants, thus rendering the whole country, populous, healthy, and opulent.

According to Father Visdelou, the Chinese describe themselves as the *people of Han*, or of some illustrious family, by the memory of whose actions they flatter their national pride; and their country they call *Chum-cue*, or the

Central Kingdom, representing it in their symbolical character by a parallelogram exactly bisected. At other times they distinguish their country by the epithets *Tienhia*, or *What is under Heaven*; meaning all that is valuable on earth *.

The origin and antiquity of the empire of China are among the questions which have exercised, in a particular manner, the ingenuity of the learned. By a few writers it has been asserted, that the Chinese are an original race, who have dwelt for ages, if not from eternity, in the land which they now possess; by others, and chiefly the Catholic Missionaries, a class of men whose labours, learning, and unwearied diligence in their religious avocations we can never sufficiently commend, it is insisted that they sprang from the same stock with the Hebrews and Arabs; a third assertion is that of the Arabs themselves, and of M. Pauw, who affirm that they were originally Tartars, descending in wild clans from the steeps of Imaus; a fourth opinion is that of the Brahmens, who decide, without allowing any appeal from their decision, that the *Chinas* (for so they are named in the *Sanscrit*) were *Hindus* of the *Yhatriya*, or military tribe, who abandoning the privileges of their order, rambled in different bodies to the north-east of Bengal, and, forgetting by degrees the rites and religion of their ancestors, established separate principalities, which were afterwards united in the plains and vallies which are now possessed by them †.

The most probable opinion is, that China was first peopled from Hindustan: this is the universal belief of the learned of Benares, and it is confirmed by the following curious passage cited for the purpose by Sir William Jones, from the Institutes of Menu, a work, which, in a case of this nature, is of the highest authority. "Many families of the military class having gradually abandoned the ordinances of the *Veda*, and the company of *Brahmens*, lived in a state of degradation; as the people of *Pundraca* and *Odra*, those of *Dravira*, the *Yavanas* and *Sacas*, the *Paradas* and *Pahlavas*, the *Chinas*, and some other nations ‡."

The æra of the Chinese empire may be fixed, with some latitude of calculation, at 2,500 years before the birth of our Saviour; with the same latitude its historical æra may be fixed at 800 years before the birth of Christ; the actual form and extent of the Chinese government may be dated from the dinasty of Hane, 206 years before the birth of Christ; and the celebrated wall of China, to repel the invasion of the Huns, was built about a century before the accession of that dinasty *."

The ancient religion of the Chinese appears to have been founded on the worship of one God, the Creator of the Universe. They neither deified their monarchs, nor practised any of those impious and unnatural rites which were to be found among other nations. When an attempt was once made for introducing the worship of demons and evil spirits, it was instantly suppressed, and the whole race of these pretended enchanters was destroyed; such was the care of the government to prevent innovation. The ancient Chinese doctrine, in all its purity, continues still to be the prevailing religion of the learned †.

Of the religious opinions entertained by Confucius and his followers, a general notion may be gleaned from the fragments of their works translated by the French Missionary, father Couplet. They professed a firm belief in the Supreme God, and gave a demonstration of his being, and of his providence, from the exquisite beauty and perfection of the celestial bodies, and from the wonderful order of nature in the whole fabric of the visible world. From this sublime belief they deduced a system of ethics, which the philosopher sums up in a few words at the close of the *Lun yu*, "He," says Confucius, "who will be fully persuaded "that the Lord of Heaven governs the universe, "who shall in all things chuse moderation, who "shall perfectly know his own species, and so "act among them that his life and manners may "confirm to this knowledge of God and man, "may be truly said to discharge all the duties "of a sage, and to be far exalted above the "the common herd of the human race †." But a religion so exalted and morality so pure, could never have been general; and we find that the people of China had an ancient system of ceremonies and superstition, which the government and the philosophers appear to have encouraged, and which has an apparent affinity with some parts of the oldest Indian worship. They believed in the agency of genii, or tute-

* Discourse on the Chinese, Asiatic Researches, Vol. II. p. 366.

† Sir W. Jones's Discourse on the Chinese, Asiatic Researches, Vol. II. p. 367.

‡ Ibid. p. 169.

* Butler's Horæ Biblicæ, Part. II. p. 129.

† Sir W. Jones's Discourse on the Chinese, Asiatic Researches, Vol. II. p. 377.

lary spirits, presiding over the stars and the clouds, over lakes and rivers, mountains, valleys, and woods, over certain regions and towns, over all the elements (of which like the Hindus, they reckoned five) and particularly over *fire*, the most brilliant of them. To those deities they offered victims on high places.

There are, however, two other principal sects among the people. The chief of these is that of the worshippers of *Fo* or *Buddha*, who derived their religion from the Hindus shortly after the commencement of the Christian æra. The introduction of the religion of *Fo* into their country is thus related by the Chinese themselves. The emperor *Mingti*, who reigned in China about sixty-five years after the birth of Christ, happened to dream one night, and among other things there occurred to his mind a sentence which the philosopher Confucius had often repeated, viz. "That the "Most High was to be found in the West." Upon this the emperor sent ambassadors to India to discover who this holy man was, and to be informed of the doctrines he taught. The ambassadors thought they had discovered the object of their search in the image of the god *Fo*; and they transported the idol, together with the doctrines of Metemphycosis, Polytheism, and the various superstitions with which the Hindu Theology abounds, into China. The new religion was eagerly received at court, and spread with great rapidity through all the provinces of the empire.

It is not easy to discover precisely what were the doctrines taught by *Fo*. In his lifetime he disguised them under parables, and figurative and metaphorical expressions, difficult, if at all, to be understood, and which his hearers might interpret each of them as suited their individual fancies. But on his death-bed, he declared that he would communicate his true sentiments, and reveal the mystery of his doctrine. "Learn," said he, "that the prin-"ciple of all things is emptiness and nothing; "from nothing all things proceed, and into "nothing all will return; and that is the end "of all our hopes." This doctrine, which is pure Atheism, was adopted, however, by very few of his followers, the greater part of them maintaining the tenets of Metemphycosis, or the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul.

The bonzes, or priests of *Fo*, are extremely numerous throughout all the provinces of China, and magnificent pagodas and temples are every where erected in honour of their deity. Some of these pagodas have lands and revenues belonging to them, for the maintainance of their priests, but the greater part of the bonzes subsist on the charitable donations of the people, and employ a thousand artful devices to work on the fears or compassion of their superstitious votaries. Among the many curious and amusing relations of their frauds, which are to be met with in that entertaining and excellent collection of the Catholic Missionaries travels, entitled *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses* *, the following story related by Father le Compte, may serve as a fair specimen of the knavery of these impostors.

"Two bonzes," says the father, "one day "perceiving in the court of a rich peasant two "or three large ducks, prostrated themselves "before the door, and began to sigh and weep "bitterly. The woman of the house, who "perceived them from her chamber, came out "to learn the cause of their grief; redoub-"ling their lamentations, 'We know,' said "they, 'that the souls of our fathers have pass-"ed into the bodies of these creatures, and the "fears we entertain lest you should kill them, "will certainly make us die with grief.' The "woman, in reply, acknowledged that she had "determined to sell them, but added, 'since "they are your parents I promise to keep "them!' This was not what the bonzes "wanted, and, therefore, they said, 'Perhaps "your husband will not be so charitable as "yourself, and you may rest assured that it "would be fatal to us should any accident "happen to them.' In short, after a great "deal of discourse, the good woman was so "much moved with their seeming affliction, "that she gave them the ducks to take care of, "which they received with the utmost re-"spect, making repeated protestations on the "ground. The same evening they made a "feast of them for their little community."

Some of the bonzes, like the fakeers of Hindustan, practise the most rigorous penances, and even submit to suicide, hoping thereby to gain not only immortality for themselves, but all manner of temporal blessings for those who contribute to the support of their fraternity.

The religion of the court and emperor, who is of Tartarian origin, differs but little from that of the common people, except that the Tartar priests, who are styled *Lamas*, reverence the Deity under the form of a *Grand Lama*,

* Fontenelle, speaking of the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses*, said, "that he never read "a work which answered its title better."—Butler's Horæ Biblicæ, p. 132.

whose residence is in the mountains of Thibet, and who is supposed never to die. This living idol is kept in a grand and magnificent temple, constantly attended by a number of *Lamas*, who serve him with the utmost veneration; and at his death chuse his successor, who is always an infant in some of the neighbouring districts, into whose body they suppose the soul of the deceased *Lama* has transmigrated.

As far back as their annals extend, the form of the Chinese government has invariably been monarchial; and so confined are their notions respecting any other modification of the sovereign power, that, when at an early period of their intercourse with Europeans, ambassadors were sent to Pekin from the Republic of the United Provinces, the Chinese with difficulty were made to comprehend what was meant by the States-General, and the Republic of Holland; and, in our own times, with a policy worthy of such a diplomatist, Lord Macartney *very ingeniously* endeavoured to forward the objects of his mission at the court of China, by violent tirades against the French Republic, then in its infancy. The Chinese, however, who fancy their own country to contain whatever is excellent on earth, paid but little attention to his Lordship's memorials; we dare not quote from memory the reply of the ministers of China to his declarations respecting the French revolution, but we cannot forget that, when this ambassador's train proceeded towards the imperial residence, silken banners floated before them, bearing in Chinese, an inscription, importing that they were ambassadors come from England bringing tribute to the emperor of China.

Passing by these instances of national vanity or ignorance, which are not wholly inexcusable in a people whose population, according to Sir George Staunton's calculation, amounts to three hundred and thirty-three millions, we may observe, that the government of China, though a despotic monarchy in fact, is, in practice, an authority circumscribed by known laws, rules, and customs. The government of China, as it at present exists, may be considered as a sort of a patriarchal monarchy. The emperor regards himself as the father of his people; and his subjects, of all ranks and distinctions, look upon him in the benignant capacity of a common parent. His titles are in the highest strain of oriental hyperbole. He is styled "Son of Heaven, Lord of the "World, Sole Governor of the whole Earth, "Great Father of the People." Making all due allowances for the bombastic phrases, which Orientalists indulge in, there is certainly no sovereign on earth so justly entitled to the august appellation of *Father of his People* as the monarch of China. He lives but for the happiness of his subjects. Placed by the beneficent author of all things over the most populous empire in the world, he presents to our view (for the wars of Europe can but be regarded as the quarrels of factions compared with an empire so immense as China) the sublime spectacle of a powerful monarch reigning truly in the hearts of his subjects, and *justly* regarded as the father of his people.

The power of this great monarch may be said to be absolute, yet he is bound to act according to known laws. He advises with his ministers, but in every case the ultimate decision rests in his own breast. The succession to the throne is not in fixed rule of hereditary right, but the emperor may chuse his successor from among his children, or even the other princes of the blood royal. In a case like this, the ties of nature commonly bind him within his own family, but the Chinese annals furnish examples of emperors, who, thinking their own progeny unfit to reign, have chosen their successors from the mass of the people. An emperor of China, who had thus disinherited his children, said, "If a lofty title could create "merit in those who had it not before, we "should, indeed, injure our children in ex"cluding them from the crown. But since "the royal diadem would serve only to pub"lish and spread their defects more abroad, "we think ourselves obliged, by the kindness "and tenderness which we bear to them, to "keep them from that shame and disgrace "which a crown would necessarily expose "them to."

The old Chinese law-givers lay it down as one of the first maxims of government, that kings are properly the fathers of their people, and not masters placed on the throne only to be served by slaves. Hence, in all ages, their emperor has been called grandfather, and of all his titles of honour there is none expressive of so much respect as that. The idea of their prince being the father of his people is so deeply impressed on the minds of every one, that when the mandarins make any panegyric in the praise of their emperor, it turns almost invariably upon the subject of his affection for his people. Their teachers and their philosophers constantly set forth in their books that the state is but a large family, and he who knows how to govern the one is the best capable of ruling the other.

(*To be continued.*)

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE SUBLIME:

BEING INTRODUCTORY TO AN ANALYSIS OF LONGINUS'S TREATISE.

IF there be any one thing which above all others appears to withdraw itself from analysis, and disdain definition, it is certainly the sublime. Indeed, how is it possible to define that which can never be prepared by the poet or the orator, which can never be foreseen by the reader or the hearer, which is produced only by a species of inspiration, which is felt only in a moment of enthusiasm; which, in fine, equally transports beyond themselves the artist who utters, and the multitude who admire? How is it possible to give an account of an impression which while it is the most lively, is also the most rapid that we know? And what explanation is there which will not appear cold and insufficient, when the object is to develope to men's understandings the power that has so forcibly agitated their souls? Who does not know that in every extreme sensation there is something beyond all expression, and that when the mind is moved to a certain degree, it feels a kind of torment in the impossibility of finding concomitant language? If it be acknowledged that the faculty of feeling goes far beyond that of expression, this truth is most particularly applicable to the sublime, which moves within us all that is capable of emotion, and gives us the highest pleasure which we can experience, the thorough enjoyment of the sensibilities that nature has bestowed upon us.

When we have heard a brilliant harangue on the stage, or in the senate, if any one should ask us why we have been pleased, and why we have applauded, each of us, according to the extent of his information, could give an account of his judgment, and praise more or less in the whole work the collective or individual merits, the thoughts, the diction, the harmony, all, indeed, that art can teach us to understand, and taste to value. But when, at the representation of Corneille's play the elder Horatius pronounced the celebrated words, *Qu'il mourût*, and when at these words the whole audience of Paris uttered with one voice the same shout of admiration—if then any one should have enquired why they thought that passage so fine, who would have answered so strange a question? or if any answer had been made, what would it have been but this? "The passage is fine because it has delighted "us, it is fine because it has transported us "beyond ourselves." When the great Scipio, being accused by the Tribunes, appeared before the assembly of the people, and by way of defence said only these few words: "Romans, it is twenty years to day since I con- "quered Hannibal and subjugated Carthage. "Let us go to the capitol and return thanks to "the gods!" One general cry raised itself to the skies, and the whole assembly followed him. That was because Scipio had been sublime, and it is the prerogative of the sublime to subjugate all mankind.

The sublime of which we are here speaking is necessarily rare and evanescent: for no very extreme sensation can be common or durable. It is a word, a look, a gesture, and its effect is like that of lightning. It is so totally independent of art, that it may be found even in persons who have no idea of the existence of art. Whosoever is under the influence of a strong passion, whoever is gifted with a lofty soul may produce something sublime. It was a very humble woman who, when she heard of the sacrifice of Isaac enjoined to his father Abraham, exclaimed to the priest who told her the history, "God would never have enjoined "such a sacrifice to a mother!"

This expression is the sublime of maternal feeling. But the sublime may be found even in silence. The famous Leaguer, Bussi le Clere, came into the Parliament of Paris with his satellites, and commanded the magistrates to give him a decree subversive of the rights of the Bourbons, or to follow him to the Bastille. No person answered, and the whole body rose to follow him. That is the sublime of virtue. And why? Because no answer could have spoken so much as this silence. For without pretending to give an exact definition of the sublime (which is, perhaps, impossible) if there be a distinction characteristic by which we may recognise it, it is that the sublime, whether of thought, of feeling, or of imagery,

is such in itself that the mind, the soul, the imagination, can conceive nothing beyond it. Apply this principle to the foregoing examples, and it will be found perfectly accurate. That which is beautiful, that which is grand, that which is forcible, admits degrees of comparison: but there are no degrees in the sublime. Let us endeavour to imagine any thing that Scipio might have said, instead of what he did say: let us substitute some words for the silence of the Parisian magistrates, or for the exclamation of the mother; and still we shall be far below the sublime already pointed out. Or let us put ourselves in the situation of the elder Horatius, let us fathom the farthest conceptions of patriotism and honour, and we shall imagine nothing beyond the *Qu'il mourût*. There is another analogous situation, that of Ajax, who, at the moment when the Greeks are giving way before the Trojans whom Jupiter protects, finds himself surrounded by a tremendous darkness, which does not even leave him the power of fighting. If we endeavour for an age to conceive the strongest expression which the haughty valour of a desperate warrior could suggest to him, we shall find nothing beyond those lines so justly celebrated, and so often quoted, which Homer has put into the mouth of Ajax:

" Jove! if we perish, we thy will obey;
" But let us perish in the face of day!"

We have been speaking of emotions produced by a sublime instinct. The following singular instance of this instinct occurred in the last century. A lion had escaped from the menagerie of the Grand Duke of Florence, and was running about the streets of the town. Terror spread itself on every side, and all were flying before him. A woman who was carrying her child in her arms, let it fall as she ran. The lion took it in his jaws. The mother, quite frantic, threw herself on her knees before the animal, and asked her child of him with piercing cries. There can be no one who will not feel that this extraordinary action, which is the last step of madness and despair, this abandonment of reason which is superior to reason itself, this instinct of a powerful grief which is impressed with the persuasion that nothing can be inflexible, is truly what we should call the sublime. But the sequel of the story is susceptible of more than one explanation. The lion stops, looks steadfastly at her, lays down the child again unhurt, and goes away. Have grief and despair then an expression that makes itself intelligible even to wild beasts? We know that they are capable of sentiments arising from association, and we have even seen a thousand instances of their attachment and of their gratitude. But here, this mother, in order to arrest the fangs of the ferocious animal, had but a moment and a shriek! It was necessary to make the lion understand what she asked, and to move his compassion when he had understood. He did understand, and his compassion was moved. How? This might lead us into many reflections on the natural sympathy of all animated beings: but such a course would be foreign to our present purpose.

After saying so much of our own on the subject of the sublime, it will be natural for some one to ask us, what Longinus has done in his treatise on the sublime. The fact is, that he has not treated on the sublime in the sense in which we have been considering it, so much as in the sense of the sublime style, in contradistinction to the simple style, and the mixed style, which takes a middle course between the two. There has, indeed, been considerable discussion as to the real object of Longinus's treatise; but the best opinion appears to be, that he means to speak of the sublime style, the style most adapted to grand and elevated subjects, to epic, or lyric poetry; to judicial, deliberative, or demonstrative eloquence, and to such other efforts as require grandeur, elevation, force, or pathos. It may again be asked how any difference of opinion could have arisen as to the author's intention, because it should seem that he would have begun by determining precisely the subject that he meant to discuss. But the opening passage of his work will be a sufficient answer to that question. It is sufficient previously to observe, that in the time of Longinus there was one treatise on the sublime, the composition of another rhetorician named Cæcilius, a treatise which has been completely lost, and is now known to us only by Longinus's mention of it. Longinus, in his exordium, thus addresses himself to the young Terentianus, his pupil and friend:

" You know, my dear Terentianus, that
" when we went over the work of Cæcilius on
" the sublime, we thought that his style was much
" below his subject, that he never meddled with
" the principal points of the question, and that,
" in short, he did not arrive at the true end of
" all writing, the instruction of the reader.
" In every treatise on art, there are two ob-
" jects; the one is to give a clear idea of the
" subject on which you treat: the other,

" which, though second in order, stands first in " importance, is to point out the means of " succeeding in the pursuit on which the trea- " tise is written. Cæcilius has gone at great " length into the former article, as if it had " been completely unknown before his time, " and has said nothing at all on the latter head. " He has explained the nature of the sublime, " and neglected to show the means of pro- " ducing it."

Longinus then, still speaking to Terentianus as a very well informed young man, says: " I " conceive it unnecessary for me to point out " to you that the sublime is the loftiest and " grandest kind of writing, and that it has been " the principal means of immortalising the best " authors." He then proves, according to the method of the philosophers and rhetoricians, that there is an art of the sublime; he specifies the faults of style which are most opposite to it, and after this general introduction, he enters on his subject, and points out the principal sources of the sublime, which, according to him, are five.

Now if there be any truth in the reasonings which we have just held on the indefinability of the sublime, considered in the sense in which we have throughout the greatest part of this essay considered it, it will necessarily follow that Longinus, after giving this precise analysis of, and as it were, recipe for, sublimity, must mean to treat of the sublime in the second sense, namely, the sublime style.

In a future number we will speak more fully of this celebrated work, and prefix a few words concerning the author himself.

Horatius.

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

KENSINGTON GARDENS.

" Where white-rob'd misses amble two and two;
" Nodding to booted beaux, How do? How do?"

Sheridan.

Sir,

THE fineness of the day tempted me very strongly, about a fortnight ago, to take a stroll into Kensington Gardens; where, after undergoing the usual and indispensable preliminaries of crowded streets, and dusty shoes, hair breadth escapes from the wheels of coroneted carriages, and distant nods from passing acquaintances, I did, in fact, arrive at about half past three o'clock in the afternoon.

After taking two or three turns up and down the great walks of this terrestrial elysium, I retired to the shade of a tree, a few yards distant from the path, and began to amuse myself with reflections on the motives, manners, and characters of the crowd, which was thus promiscuously assembled. It is not unpleasant, thought I, to one who is kindly disposed toward his fellow creatures, to see the myriads of happy beings, who on a day like this, issue from the dark retreats of business, difficulty and dirt, to enjoy the transient gleam of pleasure, which the returning Sabbath may glance upon them. Each insect, that has lain in the shell, a torpid grub, or crawled amid the dirt a groping caterpillar, now spreads his wings to the sun, a gilded butterfly, and lives and glows in all the enjoyment of animation. And yet, amid this variegated tribe, all now sporting alike in the warmth of the genial day, forgetful of the past, unmindful of the future, and conscious only of the pleasures of the present; how numberless are the characteristics, how strongly stamped are the distinctions of each separate class! Some are most remarkable for their busy hum, others for their rapid flight, some for their gilded plumage, and some for their envenomed stings. How entertaining would it be to the philosophic eye to know at once, with the skill of a Reaumur, the different designations, employments, properties, and pleasures of each, so as to enjoy their beauties, and avoid their stings.

While I was wrapt in these meditations, I felt something touch me behind upon my shoulder. I started, for I thought myself alone; and though the tap gave me a momentary and instinctive feeling of a hovering bailiff, yet the recollection that it was Sunday delivered me very speedily from that apprehension. I looked round me, and perceived nothing, till on raising my eyes to the foliage of the tree

under which I was standing, I discovered nestling in one of the boughs, a little hump-backed figure with crutches.

"And what in the name of fortune are you?" said I, turning to the figure. "You remind me "of the celebrated Asmodeus, the mighty devil "upon two sticks, rather than of any other "object that I ever came across, either in my "adventures or my studies.

"You are right enough, young moralist," said the figure: "I am indeed that very As- "modeus. I have been reading the wishes of "your heart, and as I am in a particularly "good-humour to-day, I feel an inclination to "gratify your curiosity."

"I am sure," replied I, "your dæmonship "is very obliging. Let me then request you "first to tell me who is that thin, fashionable "looking man, with a long nose, walking with "two tall elegant women."

"That," answered the spirit, "is Lord ——, "one of the very greatest men at this moment "living in the country. Not that he is one of "the best men in the country neither—no, nor "one of the wisest—nor even one of the most "learned: but he is great, because he holds "a great situation. Fine feathers make fine "birds, you know; and office like money is "an admirable Fuller's earth for stained re- "putations. That man is one of the Cabinet "Ministers."

"At least," said I, "he looks like a gentle- "man."

"Oh yes," observed the dæmon, he is gentle- "manly enough. Pliability, and a happy ac- "commodation to prevailing modes always "constituted a gentleman; and now-a-days, "they make a man a statesman into the bargain. "That nobleman has at least experience in his "favour; for never yet was there a minister "who knew the secrets of so many cabinets. In "the long administration of a great orator, "now departed, this Lord bore an advantage- "ous employment. When that great orator "lost his influence, this Lord succeeded to fa- "vour with the next administration. When the "orator came in again, still this Lord was "kept on the establishment. For a few months "an honest system was pursued, and this "Lord was not admitted, his capacity not "lying in that way; but as a putrid body is "always buoyant from its corruption, this "Lord soon rose to the surface again, and at "this moment rears his head, a noble example "to posterity, of the advantages of a versatile "genius. Indeed, this Lord has one thing in "common with virtue itself, that though all "be ruin and confusion around, though the "sky be falling to atoms, and chaos be come "again, he can boldly stand up

"Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
"The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds!"

——— *Repulsæ nescius*
Intaminatis fulget honoribus:
Nec sumit aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ!

"You have convinced me," said I, "of the "advantages of such a character. Now tell me "who is that dark man with red cheeks, a "small hat, a bended knee, a frizzled wig, and "half a hundred buttons on each of his three "waistcoats?"

"That is the fashionable Mr. ———; a "man whom heaven meant for a rational being; "but who disguises himself by 'lisping, am- "bling, painting, and nick-naming God's crea- "tures.' Yet his good spirit shines through "him, and in spite of all his efforts to be con- "temptible, he is only ridiculous. He has "been caricatured in half the print shops of "London; but he seeks notoriety, and would "rather take infinite pains to be laughed at as "a coxcomb, than let himself alone, and be ap- "proved as a man of good sense and elegant "manners. In reality, he has both, though no "one would suppose so who judged of him from "appearance. The Duke of —— the other "day in conversation, said a witty thing enough "of him. A gentleman was protesting to his "Grace that ——— was not so great a simpleton "as he seemed to be. 'I believe it,' answered "the Duke, 'for I do not think it possible that "any human being can be so great a simpleton "as he seems to be.' The following was his "summary of the delights of life: to look at "the Duchess of R——, to talk with the "Duchess of D———, to see the Hilligsberg "dance, to hear the Billington sing, to eat pine- "apple ice, and smell otto of roses! But he "likes to be remarkable for his eccentricities; "and the other night, when he was told a "gentleman had gone in his character and dress "to a masquerade, his only answer was, 'I am "sure he does me a great deal of honour. Is "it not a little extraordinary, that so much idle "vanity should exist in a man, who, if he were "not vain of fopperies, might have a character "and understanding that would justify him in "being intellectually vain? that a man of "high courage and unspotted honour should "imitate a French hair-dresser? and that a "man of elegant taste, and the most complete "high-breeding should condescend to make

" himself the gaze of blackguards who point, " and shopkeepers who shrug at him?"

The dæmon went on to give me more descriptions, Mr. Editor; but as I think I have now written quite enough for one letter, I shall lay aside my pen for the present; though not without an intention of resuming it hereafter, if you should think this communication deserving of a place in your elegant work,

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
CLEOPASTULUS.

THE MAGIC SPECTACLES: A SATIRICAL TALE.

THE Sultan Achmet had reigned fourteen years over the empire of the Crescent: he had many virtues: he was brave, patriotic, and generous: he was surnamed Achmet the Good. Yet he had also great faults; he was the slave of prejudice: what he loved he doated on, and what he disliked he detested; yet both his hatred and his friendship were very often founded upon mere caprice. He was passionately fond of flattery; for he actuately believed in the sincerity of the praises which were lavished on him by his courtiers, as he actually believed in the sincerity of the caresses of all the pretty women with whom his seraglio was crouded. *Self-love* causes extreme credulity, induces a man to distrust others much less than himself, and makes him prone to believe in the frankness of those who flatter him: in these respects it resembles *love*.

While, on the one hand, Achmet was delighted with adulation; on the other, he could not indure contradiction: the truths that militated against his passions, or even inclinations, were to him harsh and offensive, and he repulsed them as he would a lye. He was then completely intractable, like almost all other men—like all kings. He loved only the advice which agreed with his tastes and caprices. Of course, he was easily deceived by any body who chose to take the trouble of deceiving him; and in the courts of kings there are always people to be found who are very willing to take that trouble.

Achmet the Good, had, nevertheless, a Grand Vizir, named Rustan, who had held that high situation ever since the young Sultan's accession to the throne. Rustan was a man of an imposing air: a long beard, which time had whitened, gave to his countenance an expression of roughness and severity. As he was a man of profound knowledge in public business, of great experience, and of seventy years of age, he considered himself privileged to speak as he thought; when the Sultan was meditating any foolish enterprize, the Vizir pointed out to him, without ceremony, the extravagance of his projects: when Achmet was rushing into improper expences, Rustan did not fail to represent to him that he was rapidly emptying the exchequer. In short, the Vizir very often contradicted the Sultan, for the Sultan was very much disposed to do silly things: a disposition which would, probably, be that of a great many people, if they were at the head of the extended empire of the Crescent.

Achmet had a favourite courtier, and a favourite Sultana, whom he almost idolized, and who had much more influence in the government than the Vizir. In the most important affairs, Achmet consulted only his dear Neissour, and his beautiful Fatima; and he took no step but according to their answers. The favourite courtier, loaded with his sovereign's benefits, every day obtained some new gift at his hands, and disposed of all the offices of the empire, all the employments of the seraglio, and all the commissions of the army. Achmet could not resist him: he said to himself, " Neissour loves " me so much, could I refuse him any thing? " Besides, he desires only my prosperity and " my glory." Confidence always accompanies friendship.

In the same way he believed all the eloquence of Fatima; he flew to anticipate her desires, which were innumerable, and he would have ruined his empire to gratify any one of the quickly springing fancies of the Sultana. He said to himself, " Fatima is so much in love " with me, how can I refuse her any thing: " besides, she wishes only my prosperity and " my glory." Sultans, in common with the humblest mortals, feel the necessity of conceiving themselves beloved.

It is easy to perceive that with such a disposition Achmet could not often be of the same

way of thinking as his Vizir. They had disputes together which were very sharp, at least on the part of the Sultan: for the Vizir never departed from the respect that he owed to his master: he always told him the truth with that unalterable severity which belongs to sound sense and right reason. But Achmet, desperately loving the Sultana, and warmly attached to his male favourite, considered Rustan only as a harsh, severe, suspicious fellow, who took a sort of spiteful pleasure in crossing his highest enjoyments, his sweetest tastes, and his tenderest feelings. Accordingly he had for some time viewed them with considerable disgust; and he suffered him to retain the title of Vizir only from a sort of civility, and from a regard to his ancient services: nay, even as it was, the Sultan waited but for a favourable opportunity of degrading him from his office, in order to bestow it on his dear Neissour.

One night Achmet the Good, as he lay by the side of his beautiful Fatima, observed her sleeping sweetly: and as he gazed, drunk with love and joy, he scarcely breathed for fear of disturbing her repose. "How lovely she is!" thought he, "is there an houri in the paradise "of Mahomet who can be compared to Fatima? What freshness and yet delicacy! what "lilies and what roses! And Rustan would "have me refuse any thing to Fatima! Oh! "would I had all the riches of the universe in "a single diamond that I might offer them to "her! This Rustan pretends to love me, and "he detests all that I love. He is perpetually "speaking ill of Fatima and Neissour. He "would persuade me that they are deceiving "me, in order that he may alone possess all "my confidence, and enjoy all my power. "The other day he said to me, *O sublime Sultan! how are you blinded! O that Mahomet "would send you a pair of spectacles that might "enable you to read the hearts of those who "surround you.* Ah, if I possessed these precious spectacles, how much love for me I "should see in the heart of Fatima! I am "sure that at this moment she is dreaming "of me: she sees only me in her dreams, as "she thinks only on me while awake: she has "told me so: O how I wish I could get such "spectacles as Rustan was talking of! I "should be the happiest of men; and the assurance that they would give me of my happiness, would still increase it. I must try to "possess this wonderful instrument if it be "only to enrage and confound Rustan. Achmet again cast a glance upon the beautiful "Sultana and went to sleep, dreaming on the "spectacles of which the Vizir had suggested "the idea."

There was at that time in Constantinople a famous magician, such as is not to be met with now-a-days. He was an Arabian, who, by means of the mathematical sciences, had raised himself to astrology, who predicted the future, and whose knowledge in general was so extensive that the common people of Constantinople, and even many well informed persons of that day, were not sure whether Mahomet himself knew more. Early in the morning of the next day, Achmet gave orders that this extraordinary and justly celebrated man should be brought before him. "Wise Ezraim," said Achmet, on seeing the Magician, "the report "of thy knowledge hath long since reached "me: I am told that thou possessest many "wonderful secrets, and that nothing in the "universe is concealed from thee. I wished "to see thee in order to request thee to do me "a service."

Ezraim prostrated himself before the Sultan, and said to him: "Speak, magnificent Lord! "you see at your feet the humblest and most "devoted of your slaves."

"Listen," said the Sultan, "I wish to have "spectacles that may enable me to read the "profoundest folds of the heart. Answer me, "canst thou manufacture these admirable spec-"tacles for me?"

"Sublime Sultan," said Ezraim, "to-mor-"row you shall be in possession of this trea-"sure, and your Majesty's desires shall be sa-"tisfied even beyond your hopes. The com-"position of such a pair of spectacles is a very "simple operation to me, a mere trifle in com-"parison of the divine secrets which my sci-"ence has revealed to me." It is easy to see that mathematicians were not very modest in the days of the Sultan Achmet.

The next day Ezraim performed his promise: and Achmet found himself in possession of the marvellous spectacles. He was in the midst of his court when he received them. His first impulse was to put them on, and look at all the courtiers who were intoxicating him with their flatteries: but on a sudden he started back in horror: "What do I see?" cried he. "Begone, traitors! you are all villains—mon-"sters! you disgust me!"

The courtiers, in great astonishment and alarm, came nearer to him. "What trou-"bles your Majesty?" said they, "What fury "rouses you thus against us? Are we not your "faithful subjects?"—"Faithful! O Maho-"met!" cried the Sultan, "Faithful! I see

" in your hearts nothing but treason, jealousy, " hatred, and envy, armed with all their poi- " sons. Avoid, avoid my presence." With these words, he dashed upon them, and aiming his scymetar at their heads, would have murdered them all if they had not saved themselves by flight.

When he found himself alone, he began thus to reflect. " These, these, are the men who are " perpetually loading me with protestations " of their love, attachment, and fidelity! I " have chosen to surround me the most depraved beings in my empire: I live in the midst " of my most cruel enemies: I escape their " malice only because they hate each other " too much to come to an understanding and " unite against me. They would willingly " suck the last drop of my blood; and yet I " believed their flatteries, I relished their poi- " soned incense! Thanks to the Great Pro- " phet, I shall no longer be their dupe: by " the assistance of these admirable spectacles, " I shall easily distinguish the persons who " love me from the persons who hate me. " Neissour, for instance; now he loves me! " His heart is pure as an azure sky, and his " mouth has never uttered falsehood. On him " I will try the power of my spectacles, not " to discover what is passing in his breast, for " that I already know; but to make myself " amends by the picture of his virtues and " friendship, for the vexation that I have in- " dured from this first and cruel experiment."

He sends for Neissour, and the favourite is before his eyes. " Come, dear Neissour," said the Sultan, " come and console me for the " perfidy of my courtiers. I know them now: " I have read in their hearts; they can de- " ceive me no longer: I have driven them all " from my presence, and I will substitute dif- " ferent persons throughout my court."

" What!" said the favourite, " And has " your Majesty banished them? How do I " admire and approve your penetration and " your wisdom! you have at last then unmask- " ed these lying villains! You know, you " have seen, of what materials a courtier is " made! Certainly, your Majesty had no ene- " mies more dangerous. I always suspected " them; but I durst not say so to you, because " I perceived you took so much pleasure in " listening to them; besides, said I to myself, " the Sultan is so good, that he never believes " the wickedness that he hears of, until he be- " holds it with his own eyes. Ah, Sire, let " the attachment, the devotion of Neissour—"

" Be silent, traitor!" interrupted the Sultan, who during this harangue had put on his spectacles. " Be silent, and accuse them no longer, " for they are at least as virtuous as thou art! " I read into thy heart: I see there the most " atrocious perfidy: I see that thou hatest me " in the bottom of thy soul, and that thou " loadest me with caresses from motives of " sordid interest! How unhappy am I! No " one loves me!"

Neissour, with a hundred protestations, threw himself at his Sovereign's feet, and wonders how it is possible to doubt his zeal, his entire devotion.

" No! no! I do not doubt!" rejoined Achmet, " thou art a traitor; but thy seductive " harangues, thy honeyed words are now pow- " erless. Thou canst not refute these infalli- " ble spectacles which I have received from " the scientific Ezraim; with these, I read " the bottom of thy heart, and am not so " happy as to entertain even a doubt of thy " ingratitude!"

" How, Sire?" said Neissour, " Is it the " Magician Ezraim whom you trust? These " spectacles are false ones, never doubt it: " you read treason and hypocrisy in this " heart where you ought to see only sincerity, " fidelity, and love. Do not you know that " this Ezraim has long been the friend of your " proud minister, Rustan, and that this is a " scheme which they have contrived for my " ruin? Ah Sire, if the sacrifice of my life will " convince you of my attachment, I will shed " all my blood this instant before your eyes."

" Enough," said the Sultan, " begone! I " see, by the aid of my spectacles, that you " are still acting, and that you have no inten- " tion of killing yourself."

The favourite departs, and the unhappy Achmet goes into the apartment of his Sultana. " Alas!" said he, " she alone will be found " faithful. Dear Fatima! I shall at least " perceive in thy heart all the love with which " thou hast inspired mine." He enters. The Sultana is carelessly lying on a cushion: at the sight of Achmet she gently rises, and moves towards him with a smile full of love, and a pair of eyes glittering with joy and pleasure. But what was her astonishment when the Sultan repulsed her with indignation and fury? He had read in her breast the cruel words, *disgust, hatred, infidelity.* The unhappy Sultan was no longer master of himself: his despair surpassed description. He broke every thing he could snatch, and then sunk into a deep melancholy. Large tears escaped from his eyes, and rolled down his burning cheeks. He was

dying to revenge himself, but he determined that his vengeance should be signal and terrific. He sat upon a sofa, with the spectacles in his hand, and looking at Fatima, who was placing herself at his feet, casting her eyes on the ground, sighing and weeping. Achmet gazed on her and said: "Can there be in one person such "charms and such perfidy? And could you, "Fatima, betray so much love? O how I did "love you, I would have sacrificed the world "to you, and you have deceived me!"

"You are jesting," said Fatima, smiling, "and so you are only jealous. Now I am at "ease again. I was afraid some great misfor- "tune had happened to my dear Achmet, and "I was in haste, to share his sorrows, even "before I knew the cause of them. But it is "only jealousy! Ha, ha, ha!"

"How, traitress, do you laugh at my pangs? "do you dare to insult your irritated Lord? do "you add raillery to crime, when the thunder "of my vengeance is rolling over your guilty "head?"

"The thunder! Oh, I am not afraid of it. "It thunders now, but the sky will soon be "cleared. What have I done, then," said she, "encircling the Sultan with her pretty arms, "whiter and more dazzling than snow. "Speak what have I done, to deserve so much "anger?"

"What have you done?" said Achmet, "Can you ask it? While you are loading me "with caresses, you feel toward me only disgust "and hatred. I have read your heart."

"Hatred," answered Fatima, "you are "right, certainly I have given you so many "proofs of my hatred; even yesterday; nay, "last night. Achmet you are right—I feel that "I hate you with all my heart."

These words she accompanied with caresses so lively and tender, and with a tone so persuasive and natural, that Achmet the Good could no longer command himself.

"And are you not false?" said he, "O if it "were possible."

"I false! can you believe it? Do you believe "it?"

As she spoke, she pressed the Sultan to her bosom, smiled, and let fall a tear, which dropped upon his forehead.

"Oh, Mahomet!" exclaimed he, "how if "Neissour spoke the truth? if the magician "has really deceived me, and the spectacles "should be false?"

"What!" asked Fatima, "Of what spec- "tacles are you speaking? And what connec- "tion is there between these spectacles, and "him who loves you?"

Then he told her how he obtained this talisman, and what were the qualities ascribed to it.

At this recital, the tears of the beautiful and tender Fatima fell in torrents. She cried out, "Oh, cruel Achmet! Now indeed I know the "extent of my misfortune! I have for ever lost "your tenderness! You believe a vile magician "rather than my caresses and my tears! Is thus "my affection rewarded? I am no longer be- "loved by my Lord! Ah, wretch that I am! "Why did you spare me in your rage? why "did not you snatch from me an existence "which your odious suspicions have now poi- "soned for ever?"

She spoke, and, choaked with her tears, she fell senseless on the couch. The Sultan flies to her, and with the liveliest concern assisted her to recover. She returned to sensation; the Sultan tried to appease her, and swore to love her for ever: for he was already in great doubt whether or not he should believe his spectacles. And now, perceiving that he staggered, Fatima put in a blow which ensured to her the victory. She told him that Ezraim's spectacles must be a contrivance of the Vizir's, and proposed to make an immediate trial of them.

"You know," said she "how the proud "Rustan detests you! You know his malicious "pleasure to contradict you in every thing: "well, make on him the same fatal proof that "you have just made on Neissour and me: I "am sure you will read in his heart all that he "wishes you to read there, and all exactly con- "trary to what that heart in reality contains."

The Sultan eagerly seized this ingenious and deceitful advice: he embraced the beautiful Fatima, and went away to walk off his vexations and suspicions, in a part of his gardens, where he knew that the Vizir generally walked at that hour. He found him, indeed, and the Vizir was beginning to give him a lesson with his usual roughness, but Achmet was not in a humour to hear him. The Vizir had scarcely began, when the Sultan, putting on his spectacles, read the heart of this severe Minister. What was his astonishment, he saw there only *zeal, attachment, inviolable fidelity.* At this sight he exclaimed: "I have no longer a "doubt. Fatima is right, my spectacles are "false; they have caused me to read treason "in the hearts of all whom I best loved: and "they have shown me nothing but love in the "heart of that man, among all my subjects,

" who loves me the least! What would have
" become of me, if Fatima had not unmasked
" this imposture to me? By this happy dis-
" covery, I regain the peace that I had lost:
" and thou, execrable magician, shalt dearly
" pay for thy iniquity!"

He spoke, and breaking his spectacles, drove away the Vizir, and commanded that the traitor Ezraim should be seized. But he was soon informed that Ezraim had quitted Constantinople. That cunning magician had of course guessed what would happen in the seraglio, and had very wisely resorted to flight. On receiving this intelligence, Achmet no longer doubted the perfidy of Ezraim: Neissour was recalled, and Achmet loaded him with favours, in hopes to banish from his mind the recollection of unjust suspicions. Neissour soon convinced him that Ezraim had been merely the tool of Rustan, and every means were employed to secure the Vizir: but he had disappeared as well as Ezraim, and all pursuit of him was abortive.

Whilst all these events were passing in the seraglio, a confused noise was heard in the city. It was whispered that the Sultan had gone mad, and would be shortly dethroned. Some persons were bold enough to assert aloud, that Achmet was no longer worthy to reign, and that a successor ought to be chosen. The public mind became inflamed, the tumult increased, and at last filled all the town. A party of the Janissaries attacked the seraglio: The general cry was that Achmet should be dethroned, and Neissour made Sultan in his place. Neissour himself appeared at the head of this revolt, and was animating the rebels by the hope of the most brilliant rewards. Achmet would have armed the seraglio; but a great number of the eunuchs refused to fight against Neissour, the lover of the Sultana; Fatima herself was seen exhorting and bribing some of the rebels to bring her the head of the Sultan. Achmet defended himself for a little while, with a few faithful adherents, but he was on the point of falling a victim to the rebel Janissaries, when another troop of Janissaries still devoted to their Sultan, rushed upon the traitors who had sworn to kill him. The battle became dreadful: the walls of the seraglio were bathed in blood. At last, the righteous cause became more prevalent: the traitor Neissour was killed, the rebels put to flight, and Rustan, the brave Rustan, who had received early intelligence of Neissour's intended revolt, entered the seraglio in triumph at the head of Achmet's faithful subjects. At the sight of this band, the few adherents of Neissour who were still fighting in the interior, saved themselves by flight, and the Sultan found himself delivered from all his enemies.

All again was quiet. The seraglio was cleared of the rebels, and Fatima paid for her treachery with her life. But who can paint the gratitude of Achmet? The Vizir whom he has just condemned is his saviour: to him he owes his throne and his life! " O wise and gene-
" rous Rustan," said he, " how can I return
" these vast benefits? Unhappy that I was!
" I rejected thy counsels! I gave myself up
" to the cruellest enemies, and I mortally hated
" my only friend! O Rustan, Rustan, always
" speak the truth to me!"

Some days after this event, Achmet, as he was walking with the Vizir, asked him what was become of the great Magician Ezraim.

" He is dead Sire," answered Rustan.

" Dead!" said Achmet, " How much do I
" regret him! Wretch that I am! I possessed
" a precious treasure, and I knew not how to
" value it: in my frenzy I broke my magic
" spectacles! O irreparable loss!"

" Magnificent Monarch," answered the Vizir, " do not abandon yourself to vain regret.
" You have broken an instrument which at
" any rate was useless. The best spectacles
" are of no use to him who will look at every
" thing through his own passions; and he who
" sees only with the eyes of reason has no occa-
" sion for spectacles."

FITZWALTER, "OR THE SOPHISTRY OF THE PASSIONS."

(Continued from page 485.)

"Ah! cease my dear Mrs. Orville thus to "oppose the dangerous sophistry of the pas- "sions to the sober dictates of reason, to the "established rules of society, and to those "*better* guides, the voice of virtue and of duty." Major Fitzwalter's proposals you say are "*ho-* "*nourable* compared with those which most "men would make in his situation." *Honour- able* my dear friend! is this then the *nice* distinction of *modern* honour? honourable, only because he has not yet reached the last step of infamy, and because over those he has now trod, he strews the thorny rose of passion, the better to conceal the frightful precipice to which his hand is dragging you. In his arms you say, he offers you a shelter "from the unkindness of a "husband, from the contumely of a proud "world which you despise, and from the un- "certainties of future fate or fortune." Will he tell you that those arms will shelter you from *yourself?* from the agonies of an awakened conscience, or the pangs of a repentant heart? No, he has not yet *dared* to tell you this. In what is Fitzwalter's conduct different to that of every other villain? does not every seducer point out to his victim his arms, as a refuge not of *fallen virtue* but of proud unblushing guilt? and is it not from that polluted shelter she is too often thrown upon a cold reproaching world, to endure the pang of desertion, the keeness of re- proach, the anguish of neglect, of disdain, and of disgrace? Left to weep in silence over the faded flower of happiness, it only droops over that unnoticed grave which will soon cover alike her errors and her ashes.—You say "he "has given you every proof of friendship, and "that her ties are not lightly to be broken, when "*gratitude* has formed them." Was it a proof of friendship to expose to you a husband's er- rors as a temptation for your own? to rob your children of your affections, your relations of their pride in you, and society of what was its fairest ornament and example till he destroyed it? Is it a proof of friendship to ask you to sa- crifice to him your *duty*—your *virtue*—your peace of mind—your fortune, your good name—*all, all* that made you happy with the proudest distinction? And what does he offer you in re- turn for such sacrifices? the transient hour of passion (which will soon cease to charm from the ease of its attainment) the *opprobrium*, not the *protection* of a name marked with the *celebrity of infamy*—the disdain of the world, the sorrow of your friends, the reproach of your children, and the still trembling conflicts of fallen virtue. Oh! spare me Louisa—my tears fall so fast over the picture, as to oblige me to lay aside the pencil.

With very different emotions to that with which she had read Mrs. Herbert's previous letter did Mrs. Orville receive this.—Fitz- walter had *accidentally* observed, that "friend- "ship might speak the language of *persuasion*, "but was not to assume the high tone of *re-* "*proach*."—To the deluded Mrs. Orville its best dictates were now considered as the reproof of haughty virtue; and she from this period gradually ceased to repose a confidence *where* she found her errors would not be countenanced, although over her *sorrows* a healing balsam would have been shed. In the mean time Fitz- walter received letters from Colonel Orville, mentioning his determination of sending his children over by the next ship, and desiring him "to *coax* his wife into sending him a few "useful hundreds from her own income," which he observed "was indeed for her alone more "than she could contrive to spend, unless" he added gaily "you are kindly assisting her till "the children join her in getting rid of it." He concluded his letter by saying, "that re- "cent losses at the gaming table, to a consi- "derable amount, would make such a remittance "not only acceptable but necessary—to curtail "his expences with a *wife* he added might have "been practicable, but with a *mistress* was im- possible." Accustomed to tread all the mazes in the winding path of seduction, Fitzwalter was well aware of all his advantages in possessing such a letter; the contents of which he determined to make subservient to his own purposes; which, at this period, every thing seemed to favour. Pride, aided by the arguments of Fitzwalter, prevented any further communications to Mrs. Herbert on a subject to which her pen refused to revert, as an indulgence to the feelings of her misguided friend. Who alike from pique and conscious error, soon ceased to name it alto- gether. Miss Rossmere, whose presence might have been some check upon Fitzwalter's plans,

and who, gifted equally with all the charms of virtue and beauty, might have recalled to Mrs. Orville that solemn moment when she was so sacredly consigned to her, to give her not only the principles, but the high example of virtue, of which she was there the bright pattern, was still absent; but hearing of Mrs. Herbert's sudden departure from town, and alarmed at some observations which had accidentally reached her of Fitzwalter's having been the constant and almost domesticated inhabitant of her friend's house, since she had left her, she determined, (with all the warmth of honest indignation, she refuted the calumny) to return immediately to Mrs. Orville, and to silence, if possible, the whispered tale. At such a tale could she feel any thing but indignation? She who had been indebted to the object of it for the best principles of virtue, which her precepts had even enforced, and her example strengthened. Awakened to what she thought the injustice of a cruel world, she could only exclaim with Shakspeare, "Be thou as chaste "as ice, as pure as snow, yet shalt thou not "escape calumny," as she, sighing, concluded a letter to her maternal friend, apprizing her of her intention to return to her within a fortnight. No sooner did Fitzwalter learn this than he determined to trust nothing to chance, but, like the serpent he resembled, to expel this victim from paradise, ere the guardian angel should arrive to shield her from his seductions. He had previously taken, at the distance of about twenty miles from London, an elegant cottage in a neighbourhood removed equally from observation and intercourse; it was here he told Mrs. Orville he sometimes withdrew from the influence of her charms, and to meditate on the injustice of a world, to which the happiness of both, he added, was to be sacrified. Decorated with all that voluptuous elegance that was alike calculated to excite and inflame the passions, the better to take them by surprise, he had represented this scene of Eastern enchantment (for such it really was) as the plain unornamented solitude, devoted only to the silent struggles of an affection which he said every hour taught him the impossibility of conquering. He entreated her to name a day before Miss Rossmere's return, for visiting a place that was sacred to her and her sorrows, and which her image had alone occupied with all the force of an affection which, he added, he no longer attempted to oppose.

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

SIR,

THE general merit and popularity of your fashionable miscellany induces me to submit the following observations to your consideration, and that of your readers, especially as they may be of some public utility at the present period.

The prevalence of the modern fashion of making excursions to bathing-places on the sea-shore is justly regretted by all liberal-minded medical men, whose patriotism and humanity are superior to their love of fees. To persons of rank and fashion, indeed, these periodical migrations may be not only innocent but even salutary; but to citizens and persons of business they are infallibly ruinous both to health and fortune. A few facts will tend to establish the justness of this observation. It is calculated that of late years, about 30,000 people of business take a summer excursion from London of from three to thirty days on the sea-shore, where they not only inhale a cold humid air, but also expose themselves to the effects of rapid successions of heat and cold by bathing. The pernicious effects of these parties must be evident to every reflecting mind, and it is sufficiently ascertained that not less than one-tenth of all the hale and healthy citizens, who indulge in this fashionable amusement, fall victims to it during the following winter. By far the greater part of the hectic and pulmonary diseases which are so deliterious to the middle classes of the Londoners, date their origin from the joint effects of the sea-air and cold-bathing. That a change of the air of London, where carbon and carbonat of ammonia are frequently taken into the lungs, for that of the country, may not only be salutary but in many cases indispensable to the restoration of health and vigour, I am far from denying; but no person whatever habituated to the atmosphere of the city of London, should all at once plunge into a sea-shore atmosphere, without previously attempering his constitution to the action of the air of the inland districts. Perhaps, indeed, no citizen, who is necessarily obliged to live in town ten or eleven months in the year, can ever with safety or advantage

indulge in the sea-coast pleasures of the season, as by that measure, instead of accumulating a store of health and vigour, as erroneously supposed, he exposes himself to the action of powers much too potent for his feeble constitution, and thus infallibly engenders disease by the very means vainly employed for its prevention or removal. The same observations are applicable to the lower classes of people who incautiously and foolishly expose themselves to the too keen action of the air at Hampstead and Highgate on Sundays, which never fails to beget coughs, catarrhs, and finally phthisis pulmonalis, in all the more delicate subjects. But if industrious citizens really hope to invigorate their constitutions by annual excursions from London, let them abandon the city artifices, cold and humid airs, and sickening smells of our sea-coast bathing places, and betake themselves to the rural simplicity of the rustic cot, and there inhale the delicious odours of the new mown hay, and all our native herbs, wafted by the gentle wind of the morning into their salubrious bed-chambers. By this plan, both health and fortune, although perhaps the latter may be a secondary consideration, would be materially benefited.

In confirmation of these opinions, I might add a great variety both of physical and moral arguments, but I shall content myself for the present with only quoting the sentiments of an able and acute physician, the *Medicin expectant*, or WATCHMAN of consumptive diseases, Dr. John Reid *, who observes, that "Cold, when "applied to certain substances, condenses and "strengthens, by altering the arrangement of "the particles which enter into this composi- "tion. Heat, as the opposite power, neces- "sarily displays opposite effects. The one "corrogates, and renders tense, the other ex- "pands and relaxes. By an *illegitimate* ap- "plication of these properties to living matter, "cold has been universally regarded as a tonic, "heat a relaxing power. Cold bathing was in- "discriminately supposed to be corroborative; "on the contrary, immersion in warm water "was imagined invariably and directly to exer- "vate. These principles are not merely *erro- "neous*, but have been productive of consi- "derable *injury*, by encouraging the indiscri- "minate employment of those means to obviate "constitutional debility, and restore exhausted "strength, which have been *too frequently at- "tended with effects directly the reverse.*"

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

London, June 30, 1807. MEDIUS.

* Treatise on the Origin, Progress, *Prevention*, and Treatment of Consumption, p. 209.

INTERESTING VARIETIES.

ROSES.

Botanists know well that a *rose-bud* is enclosed by *five* leaves, which shut it up close, until the flower blows. There is upon this subject an admirable relict of *Monkish Latin*, descriptive of the leaves which surround the rose, and which critically and classically states the differences that distinguish each leaf. It runs thus:

"Quinque sunt fratres,
"Sub eodem tempore nati;
"Duo barbati,
"Ultimus e' quinque,
"Non est *barbatus utrinque.*"

We think these lines susceptable of translation into elegant English metre, and we shall be highly gratified by inserting the best version that any of our friends may send us.

ELOQUENCE OF THE BAR.

The following is a *sketch* of the *opinion* of a *maiden* speech of a barrister, now in high eminence, in Westminster Hall, delivered by him to a Jury at an assizes in the country, in behalf of a defendant indicted for an assault several years ago. It must be recollected that this effusion followed an address to the Jury from the counsel for the plaintiff, not remarkable either for its *clearness* or its *perspicuity*. After two or three *hems* in order to clear his throat, the learned and *eloquent* pleader spoke as follows: "Gentlemen of the Jury, you will "doubtless, perceive from what has fallen "from my *erudite* friend, that there is a set of "people in this world of such a teazing, tedi- "ous, tiresome, troublesome, talkative tem- "per and talents, that they stultify and entan- "gle, confound, perplex and dismay, every "circumstance in every cause which they un- "dertake to defend, protect, or justify. In- "stead of coming to the point, matter, busi- "ness of debate, *slap-dash*, concisely and at "once, they deviate, *vary*, waver, aberrate, "and fly off therefrom. When we expect de- "cision, satisfaction, and conviction, we meet

" with nothing but dubiety, uncertainty, and " difficulty.—Thus, Gentlemen of the Jury, I " humbly think, presume, surmise, and ima- " gine, it is owing to *tediousness* and *prolixity*; " the nature, genius, and extent whereof, I " shall endeavour to examine, expound, ex- " patiate, scrutinize, and promulgate!" This was *merely* the *opening*, and we think it *amazingly* well for a *beginner*.

THE LATE MUSICAL EARL OF KELLY.

This *Caledonian* nobleman, was equally renowned for his musical compositions, as for the peculiar delicacy and brilliancy of his execution on the violin. He was, indeed, a genius of very eccentric propensities, and rather prone to dissipation. His mother had frequently admonished his lordship to reform, and upon one occasion set before his eyes the example of a gentleman whom he knew, and who, instead of rioting in debauchery, consumed *vegetables* as his food, and *water* as his only beverage. " No, madam," replied the witty earl, " I cannot fol- " low such a pattern; for it is evident by your " own account, that Mr. —— eats like a *beast*, " and *drinks like a fish!*"

ON THE ORIGINAL MODE OF CONVEYING LETTERS.

Before mail-coaches were introduced for the purpose of conveying the letters from London to Edinburgh, it was the custom (indeed it was the universal practice) to send the mails in a cart or on horseback, certainly a very tedious and desultory mode of intercourse. Upon many occasions the people in Edinburgh were disappointed, even in the *finest* weather, by the lateness of the arrival of the London post; and it was strongly suspected that the delay was attributable to the post-boy entrusted to bring the bag of letters from the last stage, at Haddington, sixteen miles south of the Caledonian metropolis. Two persons were accordingly sent by the post office on the road, in order to watch the post-boy after they passed the *celebrated* village of Tranent, they discovered, upon the common, at a distance from the high road, the post-boy's horse and another quietly grazing, while the post-boy and a companion *raggamuffin*, were amusing themselves with a game at *penny-stones (coits)*. Enraged at this, the men ran forward, seized the post-boy, and belaboured him very handsomely. He set off instantly on his business. Turning to the other delinquent, they were about to take summary vengeance on him, when he exclaimed, " you have no right to meddle with me, I am " *not* the *post*, I am *only an express!*"

W. M.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

SAUL: A POEM IN TWO PARTS.

BY WILLIAM SOTHEBY, ESQ.

This poem we opened with hearts full of hope, and imaginations greedy for food: but our hopes have been disappointed, and our imagination balked. In the name of Mr. Sotheby there was something attractive: in the work of Mr. Sotheby we have found little undeserving of reprehension. The translator of Wieland and Virgil has failed in his paraphrase of the Scriptures: and falling from that exalted situation which he formerly occupied upon Parnassus, he has given one striking example more of the total insufficiency of measured verse to convey the full ideas of the sacred pages, of the incompetency of man to equal his Creator! The impolicy of paraphrasing Scripture has been so clearly and so beautifully demonstrated by Dr. Johnson, that it is unnecessary for us to enlarge upon it. Be it sufficient to remind our readers, that even sweetness of versification will tend but to weaken the unadorned magnificence of scripture, and that the sublime of humanity, must be less sublime than the sublimity of God!

The first part of this poem is addressed to the author's wife, whom he apostrophizes in a very laboured strain, containing these very ungallant lines—which, by the bye, became ungallant, merely from the affectation of using the words " *not the less*" for the plain conjunction, *notwithstanding*.

——" Beloved wife,
" Years, mix'd of good and ill, have o'er us
" past:
" And I have seen, at times, thy smile o'ercast
" With sadness. Not the less my lot of life
" With thee has been most blissful."

So that however unhappy Mrs. S. may have been, her lord and master, with a most enviable level of temperament, had the pleasant knack of making himself equally comfortable. Oh fie, Mr. Sotheby!

The poem begins with an invocation to the spirit of poesy. Mr. Sotheby, like Owen Glendower, can

——" call spirits from the vasty deep—"

—But " will they come, being called?" The Spirit of Poesy has rather unpolitely refused to take up her abode with Mr. Sotheby: but we are willing to allow that she has now and then been kind enough to give him an accidental call, as we shall, by two or three extracts, hereafter prove.

The King of Israel, Saul, is represented as smitten with strange visions, which make him extremely uneasy: he therefore proclaims a seven days fast, and directs the tribes to assemble at Gibeah.

" *Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi!*"

Among the people appears the prophet Samuel, who foretells the disgrace, defeat, and death of Saul. The Heathens rise against him, and encamp opposite to the Hebrew forces on the plains of Ephisdammin: and because Homer has presented a characteristic account of the nations and leaders on each side, which account has been imitated by Virgil, in a dull description of Italian Freebooters, and by Milton in a tedious devilry, Mr. Sotheby has given us a special notice on the birth, parentage, education, life, dress, and behaviour, of those unfortunate malefactors, the Princes of Moab and Midian, Hazor and Gath, with a long list of equally important " *et cæteri.*" Abner, the Hebrew Captain, makes dull historical speeches to the Israelites. Saul joins his army, and Goliah the Philistine giant, comes forth with his dreadful and general challenge to single combat. David, the son of the shepherd Jesse, who has brought refreshments to his brothers serving in camp, soothes Saul by his ministrelsy, and inspired by heaven, accepts the challenge of Goliah, whom he slays by striking him in the forehead with a pebble hurled from a sling. The Israelites then rush upon the enemy, and defeat them with dreadful slaughter. The most conspicuous warriors are Abner, Saul, Jonathan his son, and above all, young David, whose pre-eminence and popularity soon excite the envy and hatred of the King. This hatred is most deeply rivetted at the dedication of the spoils: but whether or not Saul may have taken any opportunity of mentioning his dislike at that time, we are by no means able to ascertain.

We have now gone through the first part which contains four books. The second part is addressed to the sons of the author, and in this address, Mr. Sotheby, more moral than entertaining, imparts to the young gentlemen both an excellent piece of advice, and a novel piece of intelligence, by the following very pithy couplet:

" Advance where duty calls. Enough to know
" That virtue guides to bliss, vice leads to woe."

So much for the boys. Mr. Sotheby then resumes the lofty strain, and informs us that Saul, resolving to slay David, is prevented by Jonathan. Michal, the daughter of Saul, having falling deeply in love with the young shepherd, urges him strongly to fly from Gileah. But David meets the King, and obtains from him a promise of Michal's hand, if he shall destroy Askalon, Gaza, and Ekron. All this David does, and then marries Michal. But meeting again with persecution from Saul, he flies to the vale of Bethlehem, where the prophet Samuel finds him and anoints him King. And here again, because Ulysses, Æneas, and Adam are favoured with visions of the future, Mr. Sotheby inserts a long prospective history, containing that sort of matter which puzzles schoolboys in Abridgments of the History of England before the conquest, inasmuch as it declares how King A having mounted the throne, died soon after, and was succeeded by his son King B, who was killed by his brother C, and followed by his grandson D. The vision concludes with some very bad lines, predictive of the Messiah.

David, hunted by Saul, makes a covenant of friendship with Jonathan, meets Michal, leaves her, feigns himself mad, and seeks refuge at Gath, where he witnesses the rites of the idols Ashtaroth and Moloch, to whom he is doomed a victim. Amid the bloody ceremonies, he prays to God, the whole seat of idolatory is overthrown, the idol falls to pieces, and David walks forth unhurt. A band of warriors unite with the heaven-directed exile, and are pursued by Saul; till at Engeddi the Royal force encamps near the retreat of David's band. David, and a warrior named Abishai, penetrate at night to the tent of Saul, and finding him

asleep, rouse him, and spare his life: upon which a reconciliation takes place. But Saul again defies the Omnipotent, and causes the priest Ahimelech to be slain with all his family, for having given, at Heaven's command, the sacred sword of Goliah to the victorious David. Roused by the call of God, the Heathens again assemble, and encamp near Gilboa. The King having slain the priests, has no ready means of making inquiry of fate: and he at last sets off to interrogate the Witch of Endor. The Witch brings before him the spirit of Samuel, who again foretells his destruction. The fight takes place at Gilboa, and Saul, sorely wounded, kills himself with his own sword. David then mounts the throne: the Heathens are subdued—and the poem concludes.

It would certainly be extremely difficult to point out the unity of action in this poem of Saul: in our opinion it ought rather to have been entitled David, for David is certainly the hero of the work. But Mr. Sotheby takes up the middle of Saul's life, and without any further notice of his early habits than a dark hint, in a hellish vision, relates some desultory facts, and describes some wild bursts of passion. But how has Mr. Sotheby satisfied and filled the minds of his readers, according to the duty of an Epic poet? Has he related with historical accuracy?—No. Has he amplified with poetical illustration?—No. Has he boldly ventured on the wide sea of invention?—No. What! then he does not inform, nor please, nor entertain! Has he done any thing?—Yes. He has written a poem replete with pedantic inversion and quaint phraseology: with harsh versification and affected aposiopesis: not without occasional passages possessing a merit undoubtedly considerable, but without sufficient beauties to redeem the whole from the heavy charges of dullness and affectation. Affectation, even in wit and force, is generally ridiculous, sometimes even disgusting: but affectation in dullness is intolerable. We are sorry to see a dull poem from a mind so capable of bright exertion: we are still more sorry to see the black and heavy sackcloth of the work at large, spangled with the gaudy and ill-suited tinsel of affectation. We think of the elephant who was taught to dance a hornpipe.

We proceed to a few individual criticisms.

——"Fear, strange fear,
"On Israel's king fell terrible."

The word terrible signifies *dreadful: to be feared.* Is this English, applied as an epithet to fear itself? Surely fear is not to be feared: how then can it be terrible. Or does *terrible* in this place mean terrific, that is, exciting fear? Fear exciting fear? Impossible. We are afraid it means nothing.

What will our readers think of such English too as this redundant passage?—

——"Swift, at once, the vision, gone,
"Mocks him, evanishing."

To say nothing of the affectation which employs such a word as evanishing, the rest of the sentence is highly incorrect: for the vision, *swift*, and *at once*, is *gone*: gone, in the past tense, be it observed: when, though *past* and *gone*, it *mocks* him in the *present* tense, and is seen in the *present* participle, *evanishing*. How a vision, or any thing else, is to mock you *after it is gone*, and then be seen, *evanishing*, you, gentle reader, must decide for yourself. But to us this sentence seems to be something like a bull; for we no more understand the operation of a nonentity which has once been, than of a non-entity which has not yet begun to be; so that this vision, which, *after it is gone is still here*, may perhaps be the best companion that can be found, for the two famous lines which were put up on a finger-post in the country, near the junction of the roads made by Marshal Wade:

"Had you seen but these roads, *before they*
"*were made*,
"You would lift up your eyes, and bless
"Marshal Wade."

This vision reminds us too of a story which has been told us concerning Mr. Kelly of Drury-lane Theatre; who being chidden by a friend for some neglect, answered, I could not come sooner; for am I a bird, that I could be in two places at once? Mr. Sotheby's vision, which being gone is still here, has at least as great pretensions to ubiquity as Mr. Kelly's bird.

The construction of the following passage has a studied obscurity which Persius could not surpass, and which Scaliger might pause in explaining. We are not a little vain of the success which we flatter ourselves we have met in our development of this sentence: we shall first present the words of the author, and then the *conjectural translation* which we have *determined to hazard*:

"—— Each nation, of his loins
"*Sprung*, who, when all the land in *outstretch*
lay
"Beneath him, free to choose, with herds
o'erspread

" The champaign: joyful, thence, forewarned
to 'scape
" Timely to Zoar, when heav'n's storm of fire
" Burnt up the freshness of the plain; and
turn'd
" Green Siddim, and her populous states, to
dank
" And *dead* corruption. So Lot 'scaped with
life;
" His race of birth incestuous, yet of heav'n
" (For mightily then father's faith avail'd)
" Not disavow'd; and fair their heritage
" Long held among the nations."

TRANSLATION.

Each nation *sprang* from the loins of him (Lot) who, when all the land lay beneath him in *outstretch*, overspread the champaign with herds, as he had a free choice; (who, however, was) happily forwarned to escape timely thence to Zoar, when heaven's storm of fire burnt up the freshness of the plain, and turned green Siddim and her populous states to dank and dead corruption. So Lot escaped with life; his race, though of incestuous birth, not yet being disavowed by heaven, and their heritage being long held fair among the nations, because the piety of their father availed mightily.

We have presently more examples of Latin construction, or Latin inversion; a style perfectly well adapted to the genius of the Latin tongue, which possesses variation of case, number, and tense; but in our language producing always a cramp versification, and generally an unfathomable obscurity besides. For instance:

——" Not him the plain
" Of Ebenezer, yet with rout defaced,
" Nor battered Dagon, who, twice prostrate,
bow'd
" Subservient *(that is inferior)* to the captive
Ark of God,
" Warning, dismayed."

So also:

——" Hear ye, Tribes! of me,
" Now, as I range the multitude drawn out
" Ere battle, *(that is before battle)* each, his
great forefather's deeds."

Again:

" 'Twas now the hallow'd eve: her feast ordain'd,
" The lunar deity, heaven's empress, hight
" Astarte, or horn'd Ashtaroth."

The conjunction *that*, improperly used for, *so that*:

" Their armour some in silver cased—
" Some mail'd in twisted gold, link within link
" Flexibly ring'd and fitted, *that* the eye
" Beneath the yielding panoply pursued,
" When art of war the strength of man pro-
" vok'd,
" The motion of the muscles, as they work'd
" In rise and fall."

Of for *by*:

" Harsh his voice
" That heard of either army, cry'd aloud."

Heard seems there by a poetical licence, which has certainly no recommendation but its novelty, to be used actively in a passive sense.

The whole poem is in the same strain, but we will not trouble our readers with any more recapitulations of pedantry, and extracts of darkness; we will only say, that there is one passage, which for unintelligibility, perhaps, excels all that we have cited, but of which we have not room for the insertion. It is, that in which David is described as feigning madness and wandering to Gath. Indeed, we have taken occasion from this passage to remark the very great advantage of those little summaries prefixed to each book of almost every epic poem, which are properly termed *the arguments*: for without such an argument prefixed to the third book of the second part, we should not have guessed that the author was describing David wandering to the enemy in the character of a madman. By the help of a foregoing argument, the coy sense,

" *Quæ fugit ad salices, et se cupit ante videri,*"

is indeed most successfully detected; and when we had read the prosaic analysis, we found out Mr. Sotheby's meaning in spite of all his efforts to conceal it, laborious as those efforts must undoubtedly have been.

We have hitherto in our extracts displayed Mr. Sotheby only in a philological point of view: we will now give an extract from his prophecy, which, we think, will prove that he may make as good a methodist preacher as school usher. David foretels the Messiah;

" Rejoice, rejoice, the son of Jesse exclaimed:
" 'Tis present. *Lo*, the *luminous* vision *clear!*
" The mystery, ere the birth of time fore-
" doom'd.
" The promise, hailed afar from age to age,
" By *seer* and *prophet*, *beckoning into birth*
" *The empires.* Hark! their voice which
" darkly spake
" *Of trouble and vicissitudes on earth,*

" *With change of kingdoms*, clearly heralds
" forth
" One realm, one nation, one eternal king,
" Christ! Heard ye not the voice of joy, the
voice
" *As of a host, a multitude* in heav'n?
" Glory to God on high! *Peace, peace on*
" *earth!*
" Rejoice, ye shepherds! ye who nightly keep
" Your flock by Bethlehem. *Lo yon star!*
" Come forth,
" Hail the desire of nations. From the East
" Come forth ye sages! for th' expected birth
" Prepare rich offerings! Worship earth, thy
" Lord,
" A babe within the manger. *Give the king*
" *Of glory entrance. Wherefore mourn'd the*
" *Priest?*
" *Why wept ye, who the former pomp beheld?*
" *Lift up your heads, ye gates! be ye lift up,*
" *Ye everlasting doors! and give the king*
" *Of glory entrance.* Who goes forth in pow'r?
" All nature hears th' Omnipotent. Ye winds!
" Be still! Thou troubled ocean, sink to rest!
" *Thou side, be healed! Thou lame stand up!*
" *Thou blind*
" *Receive thy sight! Thou in the grave arise!*
" *Ye dæmons from the dispossest, confess*
" God in the veil of flesh! Oh son of man,
" *Thy word is life eternal; thou art life!*

Mr. Sotheby never scruples to overcharge a line with an extraordinary syllable, as thus:

" Rejoice, rejoice, the son of Jesse exclaimed.

" Behold, behold, the multiply'd evils all.

" Part, lightly accoutred, at far distance, sped—

" A ministrant priest before him, at command—

" Accompanying, celestial muse thy course,"
&c. &c. &c.

In two or three instances we trace tolerably close imitation, or very strange coincidence: one of these is a passage in the first book, in allusion to the effect which the music of the celebrated *Ranz des Vaches* is known to produce upon the Swiss soldiers! The idea of this passage appears to us to be borrowed from Mr. Roger's beautiful Poem, *the Pleasures of Memory*.

In another place, Mr. Sotheby had in view the Bard of Gray: Mr. Sotheby's hero cries out, at the close of his prophecy:

" Spare me, afflicting visions, spare my sight."

Gray's Bard, at the close of his strain, exclaims:

" Visions of Glory, spare my aching sight."

David, on parting with Michal, is made to say:

" Oh! more than life beloved! whom thus
" to leave
" Is grief beyond the bitterness of death,
" By that pure vow which weds our souls,
" lift up
" Thy voice to God, imploring at his throne
" Strength (for my spirit sinks) yet to endure
" This bitter trial."

The Duke of Buckingham, in Shakspeare's play of Henry the Eighth, says, as he is passing to execution:

" You few that lov'd me,
" My noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
" Is only bitter to me only dying—
" Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
" And lift my soul to heaven!"

The description of David's triumphal entry after the slaughter of Goliah, is too long to be here inserted; but we think Mr. Sotheby took the hint of this procession from Poussin's famous picture on the same subject, which is now in the possession of Sir Francis Bourgeois. We have adverted to these coincidences, not for the sake of detracting from the merit of any passages here quoted from Mr. Sotheby, because we do not think any of them have any merit, even granting them to be original; but because we think it a curious and almost indispensable duty to notice, in the course of a criticism, the parallel passages of our author and his predecessors.

The poems, or openings of the books, are, for the most part, the best passages in the poems. Among these, the poem of the fourth book, which apostrophizes Britain, is, from its nature, the most prominent. It begins with a canting eulogium on the might of a country, which, to own the real fact, stands in a situation of almost unprecedented calamity and peril: we only observe upon this eulogium, because it introduces a passage containing considerable spirit, though not much of novelty. It alludes to the Abolition of the Slave Trade, in these lines:

——" The West awaits
" The long suspended sentence. It's decree
" Goes forth. The senate shall efface the spot
" That stained thy ermined robes. Man shall
" not tempt
" The mercy of his Maker on vext seas,
" That bear him on to blood. Man shall not
" yoke

" His brother: shall not goad his kindred flesh,
" Till the big sweat falls, tainted with the drop
" That nurtured life. Man trades no more in
" man,
" And if the groan of Afric yet mount up
" To the Tribunal of the God of Love,
" Accusing human kind, it shall not draw
" On Britain condemnation. Then expand,
" Albion, thy sails exultant; and diffuse,
" Throughout the race and brotherhood of man,
" The birth-right thou hast purchased with thy
" blood,
" The heritage of freedom. Freight each sea
" With burden of thy fleets; from clime to
" clime
" Pour fourth on each the gifts of all, and link
" The world in bonds of love. Diffuse the light
" Of science; teach the savage arts unknown,
" And o'er the nations and lone isles, that sit
" In darkness, and the shades of death, bring
" down
" The day-spring of salvation!"

This is followed by a strain on Lord Nelson, in extremely bad taste.

We will now subjoin two or three other passages, which seem to be all that are worthy of much approbation. Speaking of Saul's unhappy rumination, Mr. Sotheby thus forcibly and poetically writes:

" Anon! 'twas poignant woe!
" Woe without name: yet, haply, not unknown
" Of those who, with the bitterness of grief
" O'erwearied, roused from slumber, likest
" death,
" Feel in their heart deep agony, ere thought
" Has traced its cause, or sigh yet utterance
" found."

We admire this passage, because we feel how truly it expresses a heavy agony: we hope our readers will never have occasion to admire it as deeply as we do!

There is great strength too in the description of that trance in which Saul is affrighted with an image of himself:

" Front to front,
" The maniac, and that image of himself,
" Stood near, and mock'd each other, in their
" fears
" Wild-gibbering. Such the trouble of thy soul,
" O conscience-stricken Saul!

Michal, the daughter of Saul, in urging her beloved David to save himself by flying from her father, makes this tender exclamation:

" Oh youth! I sought but thee alone,
" The son of Jesse, David, Israel's pride,
" The conqueror of the Philistine. This day,
" This day Saul's daughter—but thou know'st
" her not—
" His youngest born, herself, 'twas Michal
" heard
" The monarch doom thy death. Another weds
" The promised bride. Oh fly! and when far
" off—
" I know Jehovah bears thee, favoured
" youth!—
" Do not in bitterness remember Saul:
" But say 'twas I, Saul's daughter, saved thy
" life!"

The only remaining passage that we may quote for its merit, is comprised in the following descriptive address to the Muse:

" How oft, when Autumn, in the bleak gale
" rent
" His robe, all colours, as the last leaves sere
" Fell, have I lingering bade with thee the
" year,
" Farewell! and with the enchanted gaze
" pursued
" The broad illuminations, and deep shades,
" That chas'd each other o'er the champaign
" wide,
" And striking, in their stretch of speed, the
" woods
" And high hill-tops, brought out, like magic,
" change
" Of momentary scenes,"

This is the burst of a Poet, who

" Has look'd at Nature with a painter's eye!"

We are sorry, that in the course of the foregoing criticism, the faulty extracts so far outnumber those which demand admiration: but we searched for beauties, and have given what we found: we were perpetually jostled by errors, and we have thought it our duty to point out a few of them.

APHORISMS OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY,

BY MISS PORTER.

THE fair author of "*Thadleus of Warsaw*" has again stepped forward with her justly established claim to public favour; and quitting the gay regions of romance, which her pen so beautifully embellished, she has now presented us in the "*Aphorisms of Sir Philip Sidney*," with a very elegant selection from the works of this great character, who, in the happiest period of history, proved himself equally the favourite son of virtue, of glory, and the Muses.

The writings of this noble author have long held a place of the first consideration in the libraries of the lovers of curious and elegant literature. The selection from them which Miss Porter has now made, is considerably enriched by her own remarks on the different Aphorisms as they occur, and in all these, as on every page of her splendid original, with equal force and elegance has she impressed the broad and golden seal of virtue, of principle, and religion. On the subject of Woman, unlike her predecessor, Mrs. Woolstoncroft (throwing down fiercely the gauntlet, and challenging, with Amazonian prowess, her rival—man—to the field, to prove her equal strength and equal powers), Miss Porter comes forward as the *gentle* championess of her sex, *inscribing* on HER banners, "Deference," "Tenderness," and "Truth." Thus, doubly armed, she enters the lists, and, surely, even her acknowledged superior will be proud to hang the laurel wreath on her standard, when it is won so modestly as in her remark on the following Aphorism:—

"Nature is no step-mother to the female "sex, how muchsoever some men (sharp only "in evil speaking,) have sought to disgrace "them."

REMARK.

"Nature is an honest parent to her off-"spring: she has dealt out her gifts fairly and "with good judgment between them, but to "each has dispensed a different endowment; "and to estimate the equality and propriety of "the distribution, we must not compare parts "with parts, but the one whole with the other "whole: for what nature withholds from one "part she gives to another. Her laws consti-"tute different orders of excellency, as well as "different degrees in merit and subordination; "she shews that this is her system, by all her "works; and unless superiority of power "existed, the universe would yet have been a "gulph of confusion; this beautiful machine "of the world, an immoveable chaotic mass "throughout eternity.

"Order necessarily supposes an arranger; "an arranger, power; and power, subordina-"tion; we see it proved on every side of us: "command is written in everlasting characters "on the firmament, where the polar-star con-"ducts the vessels of the deep, by its resistless "controul over the motion of the magnet. So, "the heavens, 'the earth, and all that are "'contained therein,' obey an irresistible de-"cree. Sovereignty is the prerogative of the "Creator, submission the duty of the created. "Why then should the advocates of woman be "offended, that she is held by an ordinance "which binds the world? Why should they "seek to disorder nature and unsex her loveliest "work? Why bring forward claims to invest "women with masculine properties; to place "them at the helm of state and of war; to put "the sword, or the tablet of laborious calcu-"lations into their hands; to encumber them "with toils which their bodies are not able to "sustain; and affiance them to duties, against "which their minds revolt? Wild enthusiasm "may create a fanciful equality for woman; "(for there never was a chimera too absurd to "find a promulgator,) but the impartial eye of "reason sees a radical difference in the consti-"tution of the sexes, which for ever precludes "the practicability of their filling the same "stations in life.

"Nature, in her mode of providing for the "continuation of the human race, evinces her "intention to confine women to domestic occu-"pations. How destructive would it prove to "the unborn generation, if they, who expected "to be mothers, were to wear out their strength "and endanger their lives, by the watchings "of the camp, the senate, or the closet! How "ill would it become the maternal bosom, to "unbrace the warrior's steel, to give suste-"nance to the infant hanging to so hard a pil-"low; or to cradle its tender form amid vo-"lumes of jurisprudence, politics, or abstruse "philosophy! Let men, whom nature hath "not only endowed with adequate vigour, but "left free to use it to effect, let them bear up

"the political sphere, and pursue scientific "researches, even to the utmost stretch of hu- "man intellect: but the knowledge of virtue "is woman's study. It is comprised in few "maxims; and if she seek it with sincerity, it "alone will raise her soul to a pitch of sub- "limity not to be out-soared by man.

"The commonest observation may demon- "strate that man and woman, from the first, "had distinct commissions; yet such difference "argues no inferiority in the essential spirit, "which is the intellectual soul; that divine "thing originating immediately from God, must "in all beings be of the same perfect essence; "but as it observes and acts through the me- "dium of the senses, (by which it is enveloped,) "it must, in a certain degree, be effected by "their modifications. The soul we may liken "to a musician, the body, to his instrument: "accordingly as the keys are arranged and the "notes set, the music will be strong, soft, good, "bad, or indifferent. Man is constructed for "bold and lofty harmonies; woman, composed "for the gentle melodies of the heart. She was "made to be beloved, not dreaded; to sooth, "not disturb; to bind up wounds, not inflict "them. She is the help-mate of man, the "handmaid of God: enviable distinction! (if "envy dare intrude on such holy precincts?) "Gracious dispensation from the Most High, "to be the partner of him who, made 'a lit- "tle lower than the angels, is crowned with "glory and power!' To be heaven's selected "agent throughout all ages, to comfort the "wretched, to soften the pangs of disease, to "heal a broken heart, and to lull the troubled "soul of man into a peace that makes him "dream of paradise! Who would barter this "sacred privilege, this office of cup-bearer to "the beneficent Jehovah, this power of shed- "ding *the balm of Gilead* upon all that grieve, "for the proudest prerogatives of command? "True it is, that he who would be the master "of all, must be the servant of all! Rational "empire lies in ability to influence and effect "the happiness of others; and this empire is "not denied to woman; it is her inheritance, "and she holds it by this charter,—'Who- "soever will be great among ye, let them be "your ministers; and whosoever will be chiefs "among you, let them be your servants.'

"If the throne of benevolence be at the feet "of the unhappy, affection owns no power "that is not devoted to the object of her vows. "Love is never convinced that he reigns, till "he finds that he may serve; and woman, "from her constitution, is more inclined than "man is, to this generous disposition. The "sensitive perceptions of men are not so de- "licate, delightful, and innocent, as those of "women; hence they are not so cherished, "nor so stationary. 'Man is stung with pas- "sion, woman is touched by it. In the one "instance, torment makes the sufferer eager to "rid himself of pain, either by satisfying de- "sire, or extinguishing it;' and in the other, "the softness of the perception excites only a "new feeling, which, by awakening a thou- "sand tender and pleasing sensibilities, is wel- "comed rather than repelled: hence, from the "peculiar delicacy with which the sensitive "soul of woman receives all its impressions, "they are retained and made subjects of fre- "quent review; the delighted spirit descends "into this cabinet of beautiful pictures, and "while listening to the sweet romances which "imagination tells of each, forgets to re- "ascend and follow reason over the hard "grounds of disagreeable probabilities and "consequences."

The subject of friendship, when traced from the heart and principles of such a man as Sir Philip Sidney, presents to us what might in these days well be called the fairy child of Romance, or the lovely fabled inhabitant of his own Arcadia. Catching the bright colours of the picture she has been contemplating, Miss Porter, in her remark, no less happily, takes up her pencil—to which we refer our readers in Vol. I, page 203.

We regret extremely that the limits of our work will not allow us to give the noble author's sentiments on Religion, on Atheism, and Duelling, or those of his fair commentator. His are such as might be expected from the *Christian* hero; and her's, those fine precepts of the gospel and of morality, that we should naturally look for in one who, whilst looking beyond them to a brighter standard, has made the virtues as well as the graces of her favourite author so long her study. In treading the dangerous though magic circle of the passions, as Miss Porter, in this work, has been compelled to do, we are aware that her own delicacy and diffidence must have taught her she had no easy ground to pass over: but, with her noble conductor to lead her through it, and with those surest guides, religion and principle, like Queen Emma, she has not only proudly trodden on the burning ploughshare, and thus established her fair claim to public respect and praise; but, like her, has derived greater consideration from the fiery ordeal. I cannot close these remarks without another

quotation from her pen, which is so applicable to the usurper and the tyrant, that although avowedly only a nursery fable, our readers will, I trust, pardon its introduction here.

"Not all the pageants that were played before the eyes of Elizabeth, could remove "from her sight the bleeding head of Mary "Stuart! And not all the clangor of Napoleon's mighty triumphs, can hush the voice "that is heard in the wood of Vincennes,—the blood of Bourbon crying on his murderer! There is a story amongst the legends "we tell children, that is not a mean picture "of a tyrant and his doom. The moral is "couched in allegory.

"There was once a huge and misshapen "rock which was endowed, by infernal sorcery, "with the power of impetuous motion. It "rolled through a flourishing kingdom; it "crushed down all opponents; it laid the land "desolate; and was followed by a stream of "blood. It arrived unwittingly at an awful "precipice; it had no power of returning; for "the bloody stream that pursued it was so "strong, that it could not roll back: it was "pushed from the precipice; was dashed into "fragments; and the roar of its downfall arose "unto heaven!"

In the second volume, which commences on the subject of ingratitude, baseness, and envy, we are a little surprized that Miss Porter takes no notice of the former passion, which would have afforded ample scope for her pen.

This work is avowedly preparatory to one on a much more extensive scale, which Miss Porter is undertaking, the life of her illustrious hero, together with his other compositions. The powerful assistance, as her preface declares, from some of the first libraries, as well as some of the first literary characters in the kingdom, holds forth a prospect of interesting and gratifying research to herself, and one of high expectation to her readers, from the present specimen of her talents.

The Aphorisms are embellished with two beautiful designs from the pencil of her brother Robert Kerr Porter, Esq. now in Russia, and have added much to the value of this little work. The eye of feeling will naturally glance from the laurel and the bay to contemplate the more interesting picture of affection and talent thus mutually repaying

"The strength they borrow with the grace
"they lend."

We cannot better conclude these extracts than in the language of Sir Philip himself, and that of his ingenious commentator. The former says, in his Aphorisms, "It is a great happiness "to be praised of them that are most praise-"worthy," whilst the latter, in the language of diffidence and truth, observes—"We see our "own images reflected in the admiration of the "worthy, and what they deem deserving of "esteem, modesty itself cannot refuse to re-"spect."

CANDIDE.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

NEW GAMES AT ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL.

A SATIRICAL POEM.

"True loyalty is still the same,
"Whether it win or lose the game,
"True as the dial to the sun."

HUDIBRAS.

SOME Gamblers we're told,
In the science quite bold,
Of juggling, and cheating their neighbours;
Determin'd of late,
As they sat at debate,
To seek a reward for their labours.

No longer, they cried,
Shall obscurity hide
Our *Talents*, so form'd for renown:
But blinding all eyes,
Whilst we seek the surprize,
With our tricks we'll astonish the town.

That their plans might succeed,
By each 'twas agreed,
With all the arcana of art,
From St. Stephen's so fam'd,
Should their praise be proclaim'd,
Whilst each should with care play his part.

Seen no more on gay nights,
Or at Brookes's or White's,

But the *Treasury Benches* around,
It chanc'd honest John Bull,
In a mood somewhat dull,
And inclin'd to be napping, they found.

Whilst smiling they thought,
A good pigeon they'd caught;
Each nodded and wink'd at the other:
John—challeng'd to play,
Wou'd not rudely say nay,
Not expecting a cheat in a brother.

All, agreed in their views,
Ask'd what game they should choose,
Where the *Talents* of each should be prov'd;
John talk'd of "All Fours,"
Or "Beat Knave out of Doors,"
The games of his youth, which he lov'd.

Lord H——k spoke first,
"In these games I'm not vers'd:
"These, surely, are old-fashion'd things;
"The best game—*entre nous*,
"Is the good *Game of Loo*,
"Where *Knaves get the better of Kings*."

Sam Whitbread rose next,
By all Court Cards perplext,
Which prevented his making a score;
For at Cribbage 'tis known,
That with Court Cards alone,
We can't count *fifteen two*, *fifteen four*.

Then Sheridan rose,
And said he should propose,
(Tho' at all games he still must play tick)
The good game of Whist,
For if *Honours* be miss'd,
He was sure to succeed by the *trick*.

My Lord Grenville stood by,
With the measuring eye,
Which forbore e'en his hopes to express;
Whilst Windham less mute,
At each game, in each suit,
Own'd he'd play'd without any success.

Let us try if you will,
Cries Tom Grenville, "Quadrille,
"There are none but ourselves to ask leave;
"And since each from the nation,
"Will receive consolation,
"We shall have no occasion to grieve."

Up rose Holland, the next,
And, true to his text,
Cries, "My Lords, this is dull recreation;
"Sure of loo, nor of whist,
"Can the charms e'er be miss'd,
"Whilst playing at dear Speculation."

But Lord Temple declar'd,
Nay, vow'd he'd he heard,
And his game play, tho' left all alone;
Having left in the lurch,
Both the *King* and *the Church*,
He resolv'd to play nought but POPE JOAN.

Now, with blustering voice,
Tierney roars out, "*My Boys*,
"*I* approve not your stupid selections;
"What *I* recommend
"To myself and each friend,
"Is to play well the game of *Connections*."

Brac'd with Yorkshire's keen air
Lord Milton stood near,
Who improv'd in all Talents of late,
Said he fear'd not success
At the good game of Chess,
Or in giving the *King* a CHECK-MATE.

In one hand, a new Dance,
In the other, Finance,
To throw on each subject *new light*,
Young Petty appear'd,
And begged he might be heard,
In settling the games of the night.

"*Cassino*," he cries,
"Sure of all games supplies,
"Amusement unblended with strife,
"For that black, *Grey*, or fair,
"With *their fellows* should pair,
"Must *to all* form the pleasure of life."

Without farther debate,
Down to Cass then they sate;
But how strange is the game *I* record,
The Knaves soon pair'd off,
Of all Court Cards the scoff,
And, in triumph, the King *clear'd the Board*.

John rubbing his eyes,
At length with surprise,
Discover'd the tricks of the crew;
And gaining in sense,
What he first lost in pence,
From these "*Wolves in Sheeps cloathing!*"
withdrew.

Basto.

VERSES

ADDRESSED BY A GENTLEMAN TO A LADY, WHO HAD DISCLOSED TO HIM A SECRET.

CLOSE seems the veil which hides the heart of man,
And hard its secret purposes to scan;
Till chance steps in, and lifts the light disguise,
And *good* or *ill*, unhoped for, meets the eyes.

But could Belinda judge from outward view?
And that my breast no soft impression knew.
That stoic pride, her iron influence spread,
Check'd the full tear that trembl'd to be shed:
Far other pow'rs, alas! my bosom knows;
Too oft 'tis smarting with another's woes.
Nor think me Egotist, if thus I say,
But mark the precepts of my moral lay:
Be it thine, Belinda, henceforth strict to view,
With cautious eye, each character that's new;
No tinsel'd outside let allure thy praise:
Look well—examine all his modes and ways,
And oft you'll find what pleased your partial eye,
Will the expected excellence deny.
What seem'd to court hard apathy's controul,
Doth oft possess the tenderest, warmest soul;
Spend-thrifts there are that good deeds throw away,
Who love some paltry virtue to display;
But the good heart makes this its favour'd boast—
To do most kindness, when 'tis wanted most;
When raging fires the heart cannot withstand,
Lighted by Love, and fed by Hope's false hand;
Reason who views the peace consuming flame,
(Her hand-maid too reflection in her train,
Lessens its force, nor lets it quite expire,
But from it takes inflammable desire),
Softens its glow, and stills the gentle flame,
And stamps it then with Friendship's hallow'd name.
I've sought thee Friendship, long with fond desire,
The widow's comfort, and the orphan's sire!
Lightner of cares which press the love-lorn maid,
Bidding joy laugh e'en in the wintry glade,
And in Belinda I have found thee now,
Whose hand can soften Sorrow's rugged brow.
Come then, Belinda, if to ease thy woe,
A friend may claim his sympathy now know;
Screen'd from th' enquiry of unpitying eyes,
Safe and secure thy secret even lies;
Wrapt in soft Pity's robe, by Friendship drest,
Long shall it live protected in his breast;
Should growing incidents enlarge his trust,
Thou'll ever find him to his charge most just.
Wither'd be the hand would show these portant lines,
Mute be the tongue would tell a trust like thine,
Thy secret oft thy friend will ponder o'er,
And love thy friendship till he is no more.

T. T.

FINE ARTS.

AMONG the most prominent exhibitions of the Fine Arts which at present adorn this illustrious metropolis, stands the picture of Lord Nelson, which has been painted by Mr. Devis. The subject selected is the death of the Hero, in the moment of victory at Trafalgar: and so faithful and interesting is the delineation, that while a whole series of other pictures, in commemoration of the same event, were huddled together in the Exhibition at Somerset House, often unregarded, and almost always, whether justly or otherwise, totally unadmired, Mr. Devis's picture alone makes a spectacle truly worthy of general admiration, and attracts during the greatest part of every day, a large and perpetually succeeding concourse of spectators.

Mr. Boydell, that well-known and liberal patron of the Arts, is the publisher, at whose house this picture is now to be viewed, and he intends to publish by subscription a print to be engraved from it, which will be delivered at the very moderate price of three guineas. It will be of the same size as Woollett's famous engraving of General Wolfe, and is intended as a companion to that print. The subscription is filling as it ought to do, with great rapidity.

This picture, with a few faults, has many great and striking merits. In the middle is extended the pallid figure of Lord Nelson, weak and almost exhausted, yet still preserving the steady and penetrating expression which always characterised that immortal man. The likeness is exceedingly accurate: the face possesses much more intelligence than is to be found in any of the prints which we see in the shops, and which, indeed, are all of them much more like each other than like Lord Nelson. Being in the cock-pit, he has no bed, but a kind of thick cloth or mattress beneath, and a sheet to cover him. His uniform lies at his feet, studded with the fatal insignia that marked him to the enemy. On his right hand, in the furthest part of the picture, is seen a Lieutenant Yule, whose figure appears to have an expression very consistent with the rough and undisguised feeling which we expect in an English sailor. Then

stands Mr. Collingwood, whose head is very interesting, not to say handsome: and immediately beside him is the Admiral's valet, holding a glass. Next is a common sailor, bearing a lanthorn, which serves to throw a light on the middle of the picture: and a little more in front, near the powder-boy, kneels another sailor, opening a lanthorn on the ground. This figure is peculiarly striking, from the attitude in which it bends, and the spirit with which it is drawn. Next to Lord Nelson is Dr. Scott, who appears to be reclining on the mattress, and who is applying his hand to the breast of the Admiral. Mr. Burke, the Purser, by raising the pillow, supports Lord Nelson's head on the left: and before his shoulder is seen, anxiously leaning forward, the enquiring countenance of Mr. Chevailler, the Steward, who seems intent alone on the face of the Surgeon, Dr. Beatty. The latter bends close to him, and feels the pulse of the dying hero. The right thigh of Dr. Beatty, which kneels on the ground, appears to be somewhat out of drawing. Behind these two stooping figures, is seen Captain Hardy, leaning forward to learn his commander's last orders: and a little further toward the left of his Lordship, is Mr. Smith, the assistant surgeon, preparing a bandage. Before him, almost in the very foremost ground, are Lieut. Bligh, and a marine, who both appear to be dangerously wounded. A sailor is looking at these two figures with a very fixed and striking expression of countenance, as he leans over the end of a gun in the back-ground. A very interesting personage in the groupe is Mr. Bunce, the ship's carpenter, who, standing a little on the left of Captain Hardy in the furthest distance, looks on with an air of steady sorrow and respectful melancholy, which we will venture to say can scarcely be surpassed. The lights are, in general, artfully managed: a lanthorn on the ground, a lanthorn suspended on the ceiling, and a third in mid air sustained by a sailor, shoot their lustre from the right hand of Lord Nelson. But as there is no illumination on his left, we do not understand why Mr. Devis has thrown so strong a light on the off-side of Captain Hardy's face, who stands almost out of the reach of vivid rays from any of the lamps. Nor can we approve his selection of the spot for the introduction of the wounded Lieutenant and Marine; who, lying in the fore-ground, divide that attention which ought to be exclusively fixed upon Lord Nelson.

The general effect of the picture is admirable. The grouping presents a graceful line to the eye: the colouring, though forcible, is chaste; and there is scarcely a limb in any *conspicuous* part of the work, which is not represented with that powerful execution, which is technically said to bring a figure out from the canvass.

Such is Mr. Devis's delineation of a scene, which, not more from the force with which the work is executed, than from the interest which belongs to the subject, must undoubtedly be of all others the most affecting to the heart of an Englishman. He sees before him the dying body of one whose fame can never die; he sees the paleness of frail mortality over-spreading that frame which once, with the might of the lightning, shot through the heat of the battle and decided the fate of empires: He sees the beloved, the noble patriot, sacrificing his life in the cause of a country which that life had raised above all the world! Heavy indeed upon the hearts of Britons fell the stroke of death that snatched from their sight the greatest warrior whose fame the winds have ever wafted on their wings, whose conquests the ocean has ever borne upon its bosom. Yet it may comfort us to reflect that he perished in the arms of victory; that he whose life had been one continued blaze of glory, shed his last declining rays over the seas that he so often had illuminated. Long may the tears of a grateful nation continue to water the laurels that rise around the monument of Nelson—long may the name of Trafalgar be a magic spell throughout our navy, a watch-word to denote the alternative, *Conquest or Westminster Abbey.*

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE THEATRE.

GENTLE readers, you ought to be very much obliged to us critics. The weather is intolerably hot, the fields and green trees are highly seductive: the watering places begin to display their alluring charms: yet still, unmindful of our own health, of our own ease, of our own amusement, we stay in town for the purpose of regaling you with accounts of exhibitions

which we have endured to behold. As the weather is with most of you a sufficient reason for absenting yourselves from the theatre, perhaps you will suppose that our task must be very easy; since, when you, none of you, go in person, in order to investigate for yourselves, a theatrical reporter may easily and safely put down any crudity that comes into his head, or even gather from the newspapers his monthly collection, without taking the trouble of going to the playhouse at all. This, ladies and gentlemen, is the very point in which our disadvantage consists. Our contemporaries, for the most part, understand nothing of the subject upon which they write, and have, indeed, at this season an opportunity of talking ignorantly without detection; but we are afraid to trust ourselves in the seducing path of nonsense, lest we should contract a habit of writing foolishly without knowing it: and as to the other plan of staying away from the theatre altogether, and writing by guess, or by hearsay, we are afraid of getting into some such scrape as has once or twice laid other critics by the leg: for instance, we should not like to make a random observation on the demerits of some particular actor's performance of some particular part, and learn, on the day after publication, that said actor was indisposed on the stated night, so that some other person played it for him; nor should we think ourselves likely to gain much credit with impartial sneer, by such an apology as "Oh, it is very "likely Mr. A. did not play the part; but the "critique is still fair enough, because every "body who has seen Mr. A. at all, must know "very well how he would acquit himself if he "were to play it." We, who have frequently formed a guess as to the mode in which a particular actor would play a particular part, and been repeatedly deceived, upon actual experiment, are unwilling to hazard any such critiques: the subjects which we criticise, we are careful to see: and that, even though the heat render the Nankin trowsers troublesome.

On the 13th of June the little afterpiece of "*Paul and Virginia*" was performed at the Haymarket Theatre, for the purpose of introducing Mr. Bennett, from the Theatre Royal Bath, upon the London boards. He made his appearance as *Paul*, and was greeted on his entrance with loud applause. His person is somewhat below the middle size: but his voice is exceedingly sweet, and in some parts of it very forcible. Having laboured for some time before under a severe indisposition, he did not on that occasion display the full extent of those powers which we have since had occasion to remark in him, but he did quite enough to prove that he must be a great acquisition to the Theatre in which he appeared, and that he amply deserved the applause, which by a sort of prophetic feeling, the house had advanced to him on his first entry. In his manner, however, he had perhaps too much of that unvarying cadence which characterises many compositions, and many masters of the Italian school: and which was first rendered general in this country by the exertions and success of Mr. Braham. Common observers would imagine that Mr. Bennett is an imitator of Mr. Braham: but that is not the case: he is perhaps too decided a disciple of the school in which Mr. Braham studied. He does not indeed possess those extraordinary faculties which have enabled Mr. Braham to seduce the town from the sweet and simple melodies, which formerly gratified our national taste, faculties which have induced a whole nation to say of Braham in music, what Cicero said of Plato in philosophy, "We would ra- "ther be wrong with him, than right with any "body else." Therefore we should recommend it to Mr. Bennett to lay aside that monotonous passage which he is so fond of introducing in the conclusion of his songs, and which we cannot applaud, even in Braham. But there are points, in which Mr. Bennett may claim an equality even with the musical hero of Drury-lane: though he have not the power, nor the science of Mr. Braham, he has a sweetness of tone which we have never heard surpassed, except only by Mr. Incledon. To be second to such a singer as Incledon, is in our opinion no slight professional dignity.

As an actor, Mr. Bennett is certainly upon a par with the generality of singers. He had appeared but nine times upon any stage before the evening in which he came forth as the *Paul* of the Haymarket: and when he shall have corrected an inaccuracy of pronunciation which at present diminishes his effect, he will probably be a pleasing performer.

The other characters in this piece were indifferently performed. The parts of *Tropic* and *Dominique*, were played by Mr. Taylor and Mr. Mathews; but we did not like them so well as the Covent-Garden representatives, Mr. Bellamy and Mr. Simmons. Mrs. Mathews, who played *Virginia*, is a pretty woman; but she has no idea of employing her arms, and has besides an unlucky habit of singing out of tune. In the hands of Miss Bolton, we have been accustomed to see the part of *Virginia* carry almost all the applause of the piece.

On the first of July Mr. Young, whose *Ham-*

let we had an opportunity of praising in our last number, performed the character of *Don Felix*, in *the Wonder*. We observed, that his *Hamlet*, with many beauties, had also the conspicuous defect of a hard and dry manner: this manner, which is disagreeable in tragedy, is odious in comedy: and as Mr. Young is as hard in comedy as in tragedy, he never can be a good comedian. But his acting, like ice, begins, as soon as the warmth of the business has thawed it, to lose the cold hard edges that are so conspicuous during the early part of all his representations; and by the time he gets to the *end of a play*, he seems worked up to a sufficient pitch for *beginning it* with some effect. The immense labour with which he appears to operate the great work of enunciation, must always be an obstacle to his excellence in comedy: for a part like *Don Felix*, which is by no means one of the most difficult comic characters, neither requires a perpetual versatility of manner, and an occasional rapidity of utterance, which we are persuaded Mr. Young cannot produce. For such a character, and, indeed, for almost all the higher characters of comedy, an actor must be unfit, unless he possess either the rattling ease, and vigour of Elliston, or the unembarrassed elegance and versatility of Charles Kemble. But what Mr. Young spoke in *Don Felix*, he spoke sensibly, and certainly never acts any thing without showing himself to be a man of understanding and reflexion. His defects are the defects of nature; his merits are his own.

In the play of *the Wonder*, Mr. Young had the misfortune of a most miserable co-operation: for the part of *Violante* was acted by Mrs. Litchfield. Mrs. Litchfield, in some of the blustering tragic dames, is successful enough: for she has a very fine voice, and throws it out with powerful effect. But her person and whole appearance render her very unfit for the youthful heroines of comedy: she has besides an unkind expression of countenance, which gives the spectator eternal reason to apprehend a sudden paroxysm of passion: and she has that very common fault upon the stage, an unpolished deportment. Vulgarity is a strong term, particularly when applied to a lady; but we really are at a loss by what other phrase to designate Mrs. Litchfield's manner—perhaps, upon the whole, we had better leave it to our readers to fix a term themselves: the only clue we give them is, that the requisite word should be something, that might express our idea without a want of gallantry on our part. But this defect, this total absence of high breeding, or even elegance upon the stage, must always continue to disgrace the Theatres, and offend the higher classes of the public, while prejudice shall continue to fulminate its anathemas upon the profession of the drama. If the stage were considered, as it ought to be, that exquisite, though transitory art, by which poetry is for a moment embodied, and by whose assistance the evanescent energies of the human mind are provided with "a local habitation and a "name," then, perhaps, it might be worth the while of persons who have been blessed with an enlightening and ornamental education, to devote their time and attention to so pleasing a study. But while mankind shall continue to judge of every good by its abuse, to estimate the stage by the profligacy of its lowest servants, and to amalgamate the genius which can accompany Shakspeare through infinity of time and space, with the low humour, than can enliven a song in a pot-house, it is not to be expected that any one will study for the stage, who can gain an honest livelihood in any other liberal profession. Yet we wish our actresses would profit by the opportunities which even now they have. Many of them are courted into good society: why will they not study to imitate the manners of that society? Beauty will do much for a woman; a sweet voice will, perhaps, do yet more: genius will force its way, and humour will excite a laugh: but she who would win the way most infallibly to the heart of man, she who would conquer without attack, and rule without exertion, must possess a certain suavity and elegance of manner. Those who cannot estimate this merit, feel it even without knowing why, as the rattle-snake is charmed by the song of the Indian: those who can, and who know, by sad experience, its extreme rarity, are delighted when they find it, and venerate the possessor accordingly. If the drama is to please, as a picture of nature, how can we be satisfied when we see a spangled lady on the stage doing things which we never perceive in a drawing-room—at least in a drawing-room west of Temple Bar?

With Mrs. Litchfield by his side, Mr. Young certainly then had no opportunity of taking a lesson in good breeding; but we think he might have avoided the grossness which he displayed in the drunken scene, where his intoxication was that of a carter, rather than of a nobleman. Drunkenness levels the reason, but it does not level the manners of men. It reduces a man to the ignorance of a beast, but it does not reduce a gentleman to the air of a boxer.

The play of *the Stranger* has also been got up, in order to afford opportunity to Mr.

Young; and his look accorded tolerably well with the idea which we entertain of that extraordinary character. But our old objection here again recurs very forcibly upon us, namely, that Mr. Young is an actor of little feeling. While short sentences, and a morose system of apo-siopesis, constitute the leading features of the part, Mr. Young is very successful; but when in the subsequent portions of the play, a higher and more sustained strain of declamation, or a softer and sweeter tone of expression begin to succeed, Mr. Young most palpably fails. At the end of the fourth act, when *the Stranger* and his wife are accidentally brought together, they both rush from the room through different doors. But when two persons on so sudden a meeting, find themselves unhappily face to face, they are, for an instant, thunder-struck—they pause, to consider how they shall behave: but there certainly must be a pause. Mr. Kemble, in playing this part, enters with the unembarrassed air of a man accustomed to good company, and not expecting the events that are to happen. Mr. Young came in with a stiff air, evidently preparing himself for the grand start; and no sooner had he accomplished this start, than he flew out of the room like lightning. Now what we wish is this: he should come in expecting nothing—should make his bow, and on seeing his wife, should certainly start—but then we would have him wait a moment to recollect himself, and as soon as he could be supposed to have recovered from his sudden trance, he might fly as quickly as he chose. At least this is our idea of the operation of such an event upon human feelings in general.

Mrs. Litchfield did not give us at all the idea of *Mrs. Haller*; she frightened us once or twice by her violence, but she did not happen to affect our hearts at all. We will give one instance of the confusion which she is so apt to make between fury and feeling. *Mrs. Haller*, in relating to *Countess Winterson* the particulars of her seduction, speaks of an intoxicating giddiness which occupied her for the first month succeeding the fatal event: after that period she felt as if she awoke from a trance. "Then," the unhappy wife pathetically exclaims: "I "looked round for my husband, but in vain: "I looked round for my children, but in vain." Perhaps when, at the moment of awaking to a sense of duty, *Mrs. Haller* looked round in vain for her husband and children, she may have been rendered wild by the novelty and desolation of her state: but when several years had mellowed and softened her grief, she would speak of her sufferings with tears, rather than with rage. But Mrs. Litchfield, after raving wildly at the related absence of her husband, cannot bring herself even then to quit the passionate for the pathetic, but regales the audience both with a shout and a stamp of her foot, as she pronounces the tender words, "I looked round "for my children, but in vain." Surely the recollection of maternal disquietude would not, under those circumstances, have required so fierce and frantic an expression. We remember a story of a countryman, who seeing Garrick, and some inferior actor playing together, in a scene which the under-strapper acted in a blustering and extravagant style, while Garrick was playing with great softness, and in an under tone, was asked whether he admired Garrick, "*Not much*," said he, "*I like the other* "*better: he is something like an actor, look* "*how he sweats!*" Perhaps Mrs. Litchfield thinks perspiration the philosophic secret by which the dramatic gold is to be produced; but in our opinion, however the energy of the pores may exalt the actor, moderation and feeling are the best recommendations of a gentlewoman.

Mathews was very diverting in *Mr. Solomon*: and Liston, as *Peter*, displayed all that natural and easy humour; all that unembarrassed clownishness and rustic coxcombry, which he, above almost all other actors, is so admirably capable of pourtraying.

Mr. Young has great opportunities of showing himself: besides the parts on which we have observed, he has played *Octavian*, *Frederick Bramble*, *Hotspur*, and several other important characters, both in tragedy and comedy. We think he would have done more wisely in letting *Hotspur* alone: for all the merit which in most other characters, he undoubtedly evinces, completely deserts him in the fiery *Percy*. We have taken an opportunity, in a former number, of observing, at considerable length, upon Shakspeare's character of *Hotspur*: we said at that time, and we repeat it now, that this has always appeared to us to be one of the master-pieces of our great Poet. Of course we expect, we have a right to expect, from him who undertakes the representation of it, powers of no common, no vulgar description. That Mr. Young's powers are not vulgar or common, we are very willing to confess, and from our previous experience of him we were inclined to hope that his *Hotspur* must be a performance of considerable merit. But here, alas! we we were woefully disappointed. Throughout those passages of the part, which admit no character but that of

heroism, Mr. Young was boisterous in his intonation, and unwieldly awkward in his action: throughout those which possess a vein of bitter mockery, or good-natured irony, he reminded us of little Simmons's low comedy. But the style which is highly appropriate and diverting from the plebeian in *Coriolanus*, is not at all adapted to the hero in *Henry the Fourth*; and Mr. Young was, therefore, extremely disagreeable in the opening satire on the perfumed Lord, in the reading of the letter, and in the interview with *Lady Percy*. All these passages wanted grace and gentlemanly manner. Besides, Mr. Young has, now and then, an unaccountable contempt for the text of his author, which he made, to us at least, totally unintelligible, in the following instance: *Hotspur*, after reproaching himself for intrusting a coward with the secret of his insurrection, concludes angrily: "O! I could divide myself, "and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of "skim-milk with so honourable an action!" Meaning of course to say, that if he himself were cut in halves, one half would fight with the other for vexation. But how is this sense conveyed by Mr. Young's reading? "O, I "could go to buffets *with myself*, for moving "such a dish of skim-milk with so honourable "an action." *Hotspur*, in short, is the only character in which we have seen Mr. Young completely undeserving of approbation.

Mr. Fawcett, in *Falstaff*, displayed a richness of humour, an Anacreontic mellowness of character, which was not only very correct and appropriate, but very diverting besides. Yet we thought there were one or two passages, in which he did not seem to have hit upon the exact meaning of his author.

Mr. Chapman, who performed the *King*, performed it better than we have ever before seen it. Mr. Palmer, jun. was the representative of the *Prince*: and though, in the easy and gentlemanly mirth of that character, as it displays itself at Eastcheap, his unlucky swing and loose gait detracted greatly from the princely air; yet in the repentant explanation to the *King* he evinced a feeling and force which give us reason to regret that he does not take a little pains to improve and fix his gesture. Perhaps he would do well to study before a looking glass.

The farce of *the Poor Soldier* was then performed, in order to display Mr. Bennett's powers in *Patrick*. If we approved of him in *Paul and Virginia*, we admired him in *the Poor Soldier*: for never did we hear sweeter and more melodious tones, nor a more moderate and cultivated taste evinced in any musical effort, than were displayed by this gentleman in the favourite air, of "*My Friend and Pitcher*." He seemed, however, to labour under still greater alarm on this occasion than even on the first night: so great, that in one or two of his cadences, he missed his distance in descending.

Mathews played *Darby* with a great deal of humour: and Mrs. Liston sang charmingly in *Kathlane*.

On the 16th a new melodrame was brought out at this Theatre, entitled *the Fortress*. It is the avowed production of that ingenious young author, Mr. Theodore Hook, the successful translator of *Tekeli*, and original parent of several other popular after-pieces. The overture, of which the latter part is very striking, and the whole of the music, are the work of Mr. Hook, Sen. the author's father. This happy co-operation reminds us of the story of an old gentleman who brought up one of his sons to be a doctor, and the other to be an undertaker, in order that the whole job might be done in the family.

The *dramatis personæ* of this piece are represented as follows:—

Count Everard, a state prisoner,..... Mr. Young.
Field Marshal Adolphus,....Mr. Carles.
The Major,.....Mr. Chapman.
Oliver, a young officer,.....Mr. Decamp.
Philip, a corporal,.....Mr. Liston.
A Drunken Servant,.....Mr. Matthews.
A peasant,.....Mr. Taylor.
Alice, a confidential attendant on the Count.....Mrs. Gibbs.
Catherine, the Count's daughter.....Mrs. Taylor.
A Female Villager,.....Mrs. Liston.

Count Everard, at the instigation of a wicked minister, has been confined in a fortress by his sovereign on a charge of treason. He submits to his fate, and remains in prison, patiently awaiting happier days, and a favourable result from the intercession of friends. But instead of according his liberty to their requests, the monarch sentences him to die. Escape now becomes his only chance: and *Oliver*, an officer of the guard, who has been educated and maintained by the benefaction of the Count, points out to *Alice* a mode of escape by a subterraneous passage. Scarcely has *Alice* left him, when the *Major*, being under the necessity of going forth to meet the *Field Marshal*, enters to declare that the command of *the Fortress* will be committed to young *Oliver*, and that if any ac-

cident should happen to the prisoner, the lives both of the *Major* and of *Oliver*, must answer for his loss to the *Field Marshal*. He then sets off. *Oliver*, distracted, willing to sacrifice himself, but loth to involve the *Major* in the responsibility, gives an alarm, and the *Count* is apprehended in the very act of escaping with *Alice*. The prisoners are removed to another part of the Castle, and placed under the guard of *Philip*, who has lost one eye in the service. *Philip* and some of his friends are feasting in the court before the *Count's* grated window, when one of them, a female villager, introduces the *Count's* daughter, disguised as a Savoyard show-boy. The man, who opens the outward gate, inadvertently leaves the keys in the lock, although the grating of the *Count's* cell is not fastened. *Philip* relates many circumstances of his own prowess, and the loss of his right eye; and the female villager, under pretence of discovering whether he really cannot see with the wounded eye, puts her hand upon the left side of the temple, so as to exclude from him all vision. The rest of the feasting-party are intent upon *Philip*: and in that favourable moment the *Count* is conveyed away. The kind villager conceals him in an out-house. The *Field Marshal* appears with the *Major*, and the prisoner is missing. *Alice* acknowledges a concurrence in his escape, and *Oliver*, who, in fact, has been ignorant of the whole transaction, is induced by his affection for *Alice* to charge himself with the fault. He is tried by a court-martial, and condemned to die. The news of his sentence is overheard by *Everard* in his out-house, and he comes forth to rescue *Oliver* from death. At this moment a paper arrives from the Sovereign, declaring that the false accusers of the *Count* have been detected, and that *Everard* is restored to the favour of his Majesty.

The piece is interspersed with some comic dialogue in the mouths of Mathews and Liston, and with songs from Mathews, Mrs. Liston, and Mr. and Mrs. Taylor. This melo-drama is a translation from a French drama, written by the author of *Tekeli*, and *the Escapes*. It much resembles both those pieces in its general construction, and in the nature of its interest, though the individual incidents are very different in all. But in all three we have state fugitives pursued by the military, and an escape in each of the acts: and in all three the hero of the piece is a personage less interesting than the second character. Thus the *Water-Carrier* is better liked by the audience than even *Armand* himself—*Wolf*, and the guard who omits to pierce the sack, obtain more applause than *Tekeli*—and *Everard* is less the favourite of the audience than the generous *Oliver*. This strong coincidence of construction we notice, not so much because we consider the excitement of a strong subordinate interest a material fault, as because we think it worth while to notice, how naturally each succeeding wave of the same mind, flows upon the same sands which have been washed by the billows that preceded it. There is in this melo-drama a good deal of that whimsical turn and play upon words which distinguish the works of Mr. Hook and Mr. Dibdin: among the most ludicrous was that of *Philip*, who giving an account of the firmness with which the centre of his army had stood its ground, after the sides had been routed, observed: "Indeed the body could not very well "*fly* when *the wings were broken.*"

Mr. Young played *Everard* with spirit: he more than once, in his manner, reminded us very strongly of Mr. Elliston. Mr. Decamp, in *Oliver*, evinced great feeling: and Messrs. Liston and Mathews were highly diverting. The latter had a comic song, which reflected credit both on the invention of the author, and on the execution of the performer. Mrs. Gibbs did justice to the part of *Alice*: and to praise the singing of Mrs. Liston would, indeed, be a superfluous task. Upon the whole Mr. Hook has considerable obligations to the company; and if the piece should continue to be as successful as it was on the first night, and as it certainly deserves to be, the company will probably feel themselves under considerable obligations to Mr. Hook.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS,

FOR THE MONTH OF JULY, 1807.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

The fate of the Continent, for the present age at least, we fear, is irrevocably fixed. After a succession of triumphs, unexampled in military history, Bonaparte has compelled our allies to sue for peace. A peace, such as he was pleased to grant them, for every thing was in his power, was signed on the 8th inst. by Russia,

and on the 9th by Prussia, at Tilsit, a small town in Prussian Poland, on the banks of the Niemen. Of the terms of this peace no certain intelligence has yet been received. It would be folly for us to speculate on the conditions that have been granted to the allies; Prussia, at least, was at the mercy of the conqueror, and could make no other conditions than what his clemency might grant; and Russia, after exerting all the strength of her gigantic empire, manifestly found herself unequal to a contest with France. In such a situation of affairs, no alternative remained for the vanquished sovereigns than to accept of such terms as the conqueror might be pleased to allow them. The public stipulations of the Treaty probably will not much effect our interest. After what has passed on the Continent, of what consequence is it to us whether Austria or Prussia possesses Silesia, or whether a prince of the imperial family of Napolean or Alexander reigns over the Polish provinces that are to be wrested from the House of Brandenburgh? The balance of power, which for three centuries occasioned so many wars, and filled Europe with jealousies and alarms, is now extinct, and all the ancient monarchies and states of the Continent exist but by the sufferance of France. What the clemency of the conqueror may grant to the allies, or what his policy may withhold from them, can be of little material consequence to England. It is the secret stipulations of the Treaty of Tilsit that will most seriously concern us, and those it is probable we shall only become acquainted with from their effects. From Gibraltar to Petersburg, from Copenhagen to Constantinople, the power of the conqueror is absolute, and under whatever titles or denominations he may permit old or upstart princes to reign, they can be considered in no other view than as his vassals, and subject to be guided in all their proceedings by his authority.

An aspect of affairs so tremendous as the present, Europe has not seen since the days of the Roman empire. The empire of Rome was the work of ages, and in the best days of Roman heroism the conquest of a province was sufficient to immortalize a name. Now the most powerful monarchies sink beneath the irresistible arms of one commander. Germany is expunged from the map of Europe, and the House of Austria, shorn of half her territories, holds the remainder on a precarious tenure under the moderation of the conqueror. The once mighty military monarchy of Prussia is prostrate at his feet; and Russia, exhausted and humbled, retires from the contest. After the fate of these three great military powers, none of the secondary states of Europe, who yet possess a shadow of independence, will dare to dispute the will of the victor. Sweden and Denmark, and Portugal must pay as implicit obedience to his commands as the vassal sovereigns of Spain or Holland, or the nominal kings, Wirtemberg or Saxony. Henceforward the energies of all the states on the Continent are subject to the control of Bonaparte.

Since the conclusion of peace the sovereigns of France, Russia, and Prussia, have had several personal interviews together, and have dined together repeatedly at the Emperor Napoleon's head-quarters at Tilsit. The public of course is unacquainted with what passed at these royal conferences; but if the reports of the foreign journals under French influence are to be credited, nothing could be more amicable and cordial than these meetings. One remarkable circumstance is noticed, that when the Emperor Alexander first visited Napoleon, the latter received him at the gate of his residence, but when the King of Prussia came to visit him, he deputed one of his Marshals to receive him, and only condescended to meet him himself at the foot of the stairs. The amiable and unfortunate Queen of Prussia, against whom Bonaparte's bulletins teemed with such gross and unmanly invectives, has been admitted to these parties.

Bonaparte has now seen, and is personally known, nearly to all the crowned heads of Europe. Posterity will decide how much it has been their own faults and those of their Ministers that occasioned the elevation of a low-born individual to such a height of human grandeur.

DOMESTIC POLITICS.

Turning with affliction and dismay from the state of the Continent, we look in vain for matter of hope or consolation at home. Abroad the torrent of the French revolution has overwhelmed every thing that is valuable in human institutions. This island is the last refuge of liberty and suffering humanity. Never was the country menaced with such imminent dangers as those that at present threaten it, and never, perhaps, was it so ill prepared to ward them off. To the vigorous and concentrated energies of the enemy's cabinet, we can only oppose a government without the confidence of the people, a parliament distracted with party disputes, and a treasury impoverished through excess of taxation.

The greatness of our danger is admitted by all, but what are the measures that are taken to avert it? Of all the political evils that can befal a nation, that of foreign conquest is, beyond all comparison, the worst. In the present state of things between France and England, a conquest would transfer the soil of the kingdom to French landlords: Bonaparte would portion it out with more than Norman rapacity to his greedy followers, and the cultivators of the land would be the slaves, the *villains* of the new possessors. What Englishman would endure to live a subject under one of the lieutenants of Bonaparte! The consequences of such a revolution cannot be foreseen with too clear an eye, nor make too deep an impression on every heart. But what measures of prevention have been adopted, what vigilance and foresight have been displayed to guard us against the calamities with which we are threatened.

Lord Castlereagh tells us, that the regular army is to be increased, that the ballot is to be resumed, and that the Militia and a supplemental Militia are to be drawn forth, independent of the volunteer force. Such is the species of defence to which we are to trust. But, after the example of the Continent, will this species of defence satisfy the mind of any reasonable man? Had not the Emperor of Germany as numerous and well appointed a regular army, as we could possibly muster, including Militia and Volunteers; and yet was not the Imperial diadem wrested from his head at Austerlitz? Have we not seen the King of Prussia, at the head of a regular force of three hundred thousand men, aided with all the resources of the Russians, driven from his dominions, and permitted to wear a crown only through the mercy of the conqueror? After such examples before our eyes, let us not talk of resting our defence on a regular army; still less let us deceive ourselves by relying on militias or a volunteer force. After what we have witnessed, are we to trust the tremendous adventure of the lives, liberty, and property of this country, on the same broken reed that has deceived every ally we have upon earth?

The most probable means of successful resistance, at this most fearful moment the country has ever seen, is by a general arming of the people and instructing them in military exercises. Had this been resorted to in the populous states of Austria, is it possible that 200,000 Frenchmen could have overthrown that Monarchy? Had it ever been resorted to in Prussia, where the population is less numerous, would the French have been able to penetrate to the shores of the Baltic and the confines of Russia? Greatly do we deceive ourselves if we rest our hopes of safety on the defence of a regular army. If England be found in a state of Austrian or Prussian imbecility, it requires little sagacity to prognosticate the fatal consequences of such neglect. A regular army defeated, the foot of the conqueror would be on the neck of the nation. But an armed population, though defeated in twenty engagements, could not be subdued by any force that Bonaparte could bring against us. This is the only species of defence on which we can rely; and to render it efficacious there ought to be no exemptions. If it be impossible to arm so numerous a population as this country contains, capable of bearing arms, in the usual way, let those who cannot be supplied with muskets, be armed with pikes. But let no man, in case of an invasion, be found without arms in his hands to resist the foe.

Since our last, three expeditions have put to sea. Two of them are known to be destined for Sweden, but probably the recent events on the Continent will oblige them to return. Of the third expedition nothing is known to a certainty, and it would be ridiculous to indulge in conjectures as to its object. The season we fear is gone by for our making any impression on the Continent. Had England early sent a supply of troops to the assistance of the allies, it would certainly have been honourable to her character, and might probably have been useful to the common cause; but at this period our expeditions seem more calculated to excite the derision than the fear of the enemy. Our situation and that of the enemy, at the present moment, reminds us of a story told by Polyænus in the first book of his Stratagems of War. "Crœsus, king of Lydia, being told by Bias the Prienian, that the Islanders had bought up a great number of horses, that they might be able to bring into the field a large body of cavalry against him; "Would to Jupiter," said the king, with a smile, "I could catch those "Islanders on the Continent." "True," replied Bias, "and what think you they could wish "rather than to catch Crœsus on the seas?" Our Ministers may be vain enough to send troops to the Continent; but we entertain too good an opinion of Bonaparte's prudence to flatter ourselves, that he will give us a fair opportunity of meeting him on the seas.

In the early part of the month there were some rumours of an approaching rupture with Denmark, and that the Sound would be shut

against us. A strong fleet has in consequence been collected, and probably by this time, is arrived in the Baltic. What may be the result of the late events in the north of Europe, as far as regards our commerce, or whether Bonaparte may not be able to engage our late allies in the prosecution of his designs against this country, remains to be seen. In the mean time, Ministers are entitled to credit for the promptitude with which they have got ready the Baltic fleet.

If some late proceedings in Parliament (we allude to the Irish Insurrection Bill) are a criterion to judge by, we fear that a good deal of smothered discontent prevails in that unhappy country. At a moment like this, Gracious Heaven! a nation to be divided against itself! We are not well informed upon this subject, and on a matter of such delicacy do not chuse to give an hasty opinion. But if the discontents of the Irish people arise from the late refusal to permit them to participate in the blessings of the British Constitution, and they should, at such a crisis, when every hand ought to be armed in defence of the empire, be irritated into rebellion, what a load of responsibility would rest on the present confidential advisers of the Crown!

In every quarter the clouds seem to darken around us. We feel much concern in announcing that an engagement has been fought between one of our cruisers attached to the Halifax station and an American frigate, which terminated in the capture of the latter. The circumstance which led to this disagreeable occurrence was the refusal, on the part of the American commander, to permit his vessel to be searched for deserters who were supposed to be concealed in it. The name of the American frigate is the Chesapeak. She is said to have had 15 men killed, besides a considerable number wounded, before she struck to the Leopard who engaged her. If this event should lead to a rupture with America, it can never be sufficiently regretted; but we are not without hopes, that, though there are many people in America, and not a few we believe in this country, who wish to see the two nations involved in hostilities, that moderate counsels will prevail, and that an appeal to arms, which cannot possibly be beneficial to either party, will be avoided. Still, however, if the contest cannot be declined with honour, let us be prepared to engage in it with firmness, and to support it with resolution.

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Friday, June 26, 1807.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Earls of Dartmouth and Aylesford, having previously robed, took their seats as his Majesty's Commissioners on the bench in front of the throne: and Mr. Quarme (Acting Usher of the Black Rod) was dispatched to order the attendance of the Commons, who forthwith, to an immense number, appeared at the bar, with the Speaker at their head.

The Lord Chancellor then, under the authority of his Majesty's Royal Commission, delivered the following Speech, in his Majesty's name, to both Houses of Parliament:

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"We have it in command from his Majesty to "state to you, that having deemed it expedient "to recur to the sense of his People, his Ma"jesty, in conformity to his declared intention, "has lost no time in causing the present Par"liament to be assembled.

"His Majesty has great satisfaction in ac"quainting you, that, since the events which "led to the dissolution of the last Parliament, "his Majesty has received, in numerous ad"dresses from his subjects, the warmest assur"ances of their affectionate attachment to his "person and government, and of their firm re"solution to support him in maintaining the "just rights of his Crown, and the true prin"ciples of the Constitution; and he commands "us to express his entire confidence that he "shall experience, in all your deliberations, a "determination to afford him an equally loyal, "zealous, and affectionate support, under all "the arduous circumstances of the present time.

"We are commanded by his Majesty to in"form you that his Majesty's endeavours have "been most anxiously employed for the purpose "of drawing closer the ties by which his Majes"ty is connected with the Powers of the Conti"nent, of assisting the efforts of those Powers "against the ambition and oppression of France: "of forming such engagements as may insure "their continued co-operation; and of establish"ing that mutual confidence and concert so es"sential, under any course of events, to the "restoration of a solid and permanent peace in "Europe.

"It would have afforded his Majesty the "greatest pleasure to have been enabled to in"form you that the mediation undertaken by "his Majesty for the purpose of preserving

" peace between his Majesty's ally, the Em-
" peror of Russia, and the Sublime Porte,
" had proved effectual for that important
" object: his Majesty deeply regrets the fai-
" lure of that mediation, accompanied as it
" was, by the disappointment of the efforts
" of his Majesty's squadron in the sea of Mar-
" mora, and followed, as it has since been,
" by the losses which have been sustained by
" his gallant troops in Egypt.

" His Majesty could not but lament the ex-
" tension of hostilities in any quarter, which
" should create a diversion in the war so fa-
" vourable to the views of France: but la-
" menting it especially in the instance of a
" power with which his Majesty has been so
" closely connected, and which has been so re-
" cently indebted for its protecion against the
" encroachments of France to the signal and
" successful interposition of his Majesty's arms.

" His Majesty has directed us to acquaint
" you, that he has thought it right to adopt
" such measures as might best enable him,
" in concert with the Emperor of Russia, to
" take advantage of any favourable opportu-
" nity for bringing the hostilities, in which
" they are engaged against the Sublime Porte,
" to a conclusion, consistent with his Majesty's
" honour and the interests of his ally.

" GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

" His Majesty has ordered the Estimates of
" the current year to be laid before you, and
" he relies on the tried loyalty and zeal of
" his faithful Commons to make such provision
" for the public service, as well as for the fur-
" ther application of the sums which were
" granted in the last Parliament, as may ap-
" pear to be necessary. And his Majesty,
" bearing constantly in his mind the necessity
" of a careful and economical administration
" of the pecuniary resources of the country,
" has directed us to express his hopes that you
" will proceed without delay in the pursuit of
" those enquiries connected with the public
" economy, which engaged the attention of the
" last Parliament.

" MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

" His Majesty commands us to state to you,
" that he is deeply impressed with the pecu-
" liar importance, at the present moment, of
" cherishing a spirit of union and harmony
" amongst his People: such a spirit will most
" effectually promote the prosperity of the
" country at home, give vigour and efficacy to
" its councils and its arms abroad; and can
" alone enable his Majesty, under the blessing
" of Providence, to carry on successfully the
" great contest in which he is engaged, or
" finally to conduct it to that termination
" which his Majesty's moderation and justice
" have ever led him to seek—a Peace, in which
" the honour and interests of his kingdom can be
" secure, and in which Europe and the World
" may hope for independence and repose."

After the Speech was read, the Commons withdrew to their own House.

THE ADDRESS.

FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1807.—The Address to his Majesty was moved by the Earl of Mansfield. His Lordship professed himself an independent peer; guided in his opinions by measures not by men. He entertained no hostility to his Majesty's former servants; but he thought the events which occurred previous to the late dissolution of Parliament, were of that nature as to render such a decisive measure necessary. His Lordship touched briefly on the principal heads of his Majesty's Speech; and recommended unanimity at a crisis so full of danger and difficulty as the present, and concluded with moving an Address in the usual form.

The Address being seconded by Lord Rolle, the Earl of Fortescue moved an Amendment. He condemned in pointed terms the premature dissolution of Parliament, and the senseless cry of "*No Popery*" which had been raised by his Majesty's Ministers. The new Administration had not his confidence; they consisted, in fact, with the exception of one professional gentleman (Mr. Perceval) of those who had formerly been tried on the balance, and found wanting. Under these impressions he deemed it his duty to move an amendment to the Address, expressive of the sentiments he entertained of the conduct of his Majesty's present Ministers.

The Ministerial Lords who opposed the Amendment, argued that a dissolution of Parliament was one of the undoubted prerogatives of the Crown, and that it was justified by numerous precedents. Of the late Ministers it was said, that because they had not a wall to run their heads against, they had erected one for that purpose. The conduct of the late Administration in regard to their foreign expeditions was severely censured; and their refusal to agree to the pledge which his Majesty had demanded of them, was represented as highly indecent and reprehensible. After the use that had been made of the Sovereign's name in both Houses of Parliament, an appeal to the good sense of the people was a measure absolutely necessary to redeem the Monarch from degradation. With regard to the cry of "*No Popery*," it was disclaimed by the Ministerial

Lords: and the seasonableness of the dissolution was argued from the returns that had been made to Parliament, and the number of addresses presented to his Majesty, congratulating him on the change of his servants. Above all, unanimity was recommended at the present crisis, as the only means of saving the empire from the accumulated dangers with which it was threatened.

To these arguments the Lords who supported the Amendment replied, that it was extremely indecorous to introduce the name, opinion, and feelings of the Sovereign into a debate, obviously with a view to cramp its freedom. The King's opinions, it was said, could only be known by the public acts of his Government. In respect to the expeditions, they were legitimate subjects of Parliamentary inquiry, and the result would be honourable for his Majesty's late Ministers, whenever they came to be fairly discussed. The sentiments entertained by the Noble Duke, now ostensibly at the head of Administration, and repeatedly avowed by him of the dissolution of 1784, were pointedly recalled to his recollection, and it was contended that every objection which existed to that measure, existed to the present with increased force, and many strong and peculiar objections. The threat of dissolution held forth to the late Parliament by the Secretary of State (Mr. Canning) was severely reprobated, and one Noble Lord (Holland) declared that the then House of Commons suffered in his esteem for sitting down so quietly under it.

On a division, the numbers appeared for the Address, 160—against it, 67—Majority for the Ministers, 93. The principal speakers on the ministerial side were Lords Mulgrave, Sidmouth, Hawkesbury, and the Lord Chancellor; and on the opposition, Lords Holland, Grenville, and Erskine. His Highness the Duke of Gloucester voted with the minority.

Since the debate on the Address no business of great public importance has come before the Lords.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

FRIDAY, JUNE 26.—His Majesty's speech being read from the chair, Lord Newark moved the Address in the usual form. The topics which were urged the preceding evening in the House of Lords, were brought forward again by the ministerial and opposition parties, but as there was not much novelty of argument on the occasion, we must content ourselves with briefly stating the numbers on the division—being for the Address 350—against it 155.—Majority for Ministers 195.

TUESDAY, JUNE 30.—An interesting debate occurred in the House of Commons on the revival of the Finance Committee.

This debate was remarkable for the mutual recrimination that passed on both sides of the House. The late Ministers were accused of appointing a Collector and Surveyor of the Customs in the Port of Buenos Ayres, a place not then in the possession of his Majesty. They were blamed for nominating, for election purposes, 300 supernumerary surveyors of taxes; for creating a new office, that of Gazette Writer in Scotland, with a salary of 300*l.* per annum, and three new Sheriffs in Scotland, with salaries of between 250*l.* and 300*l.* per annum, on a division of counties, where the duties were before executed as in one Shrievalty. They were censured too for appointing the Editor of a Newspaper Secretary to the Barrack Board; and other abuses which had crept in under their Administration were severely reprobated.

By the opposition it was retorted, that there was scarcely a man among them who had not secured pensions and reversions for themselves, their infants, and their relatives. They demanded, therefore, in the name of a suffering people, that a rigid investigation of the abuses of the public money should take place, and this could only be effected by placing those gentlemen on the Committee, who had so faithfully discharged their duty before. On a motion being made for substituting the name of Mr. Sharpe, who was on the former committee, for that of Mr. Leicester, a ministerial Member, the House divided—for the motion, 149—against it 244. Majority in favour of Mr. Leicester, 95. When the gallery was cleared, a motion was made for putting Sir Francis Burdett on the committee, but was negatived without a division. As the Committee now stands, thirteen were members of the former Committee, and twelve are new members, but the majority is known, are favourable to the present Administration.

FRIDAY, JULY 3.—130,000 men were voted to be employed for the sea-service, including 31,000 marines; and 113,795 for the land-service, for the year 1807.

MONDAY, JULY 6.—Mr. Whitbread brought forward his promised motion on the State of the Nation, but the gallery being cleared, on the motion of Mr. Denis Browne (Member for Mayoshire) we are unable to state what passed on the occasion.

(Want of room compels us to defer the continuation of our Abridgement of the Parliamentary Proceedings till our next Number.)

BIRTHS.

Her Grace the Duchess of Rutland, of a son and heir; upon which occasion rejoicings took place at Belvoir and Grantham.

At Darn Hall, North Britain, the Hon. Mrs. Oliphant Murray, of a daughter.

The Lady of the Rev. G. Eddison, of Ingatestone, Essex, of a daughter, after having been married nineteen years.

On the 23d ult. at Mells Park, Somerset, the Lady of T. Strangways Horner, Esq. of a son and heir.

On Friday the 17th ult. at Castle Blayney House, the Right Hon. Lady H. Blayney, of a daughter.

In Brunswick-square, the Lady of George Frere, Esq of a son.

On Monday, the 13th ult. in Arlington-street, the Viscountess Marsham, of a daughter.

In Leeson-street, Dublin, the Lady of John Knox Grogan, of Johnstown, county of Wexford, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On Saturday, July 25, at the Chapel of Lambeth Palace, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, his Grace John Pelham Clinton, Duke of Newcastle, to Miss Mundy, a young Lady of considerable fortune. The Duke is in the 23d year of his age.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Right Hon. Lord St. John, of Bletsoe, to Miss Rouse Boughton, eldest daughter of Sir Charles W. Rouse Boughton, of Rouse Leveh, in the County of Worcester, Bart.

At Lord Gwydir's house, Whitehall, the Hon. Lindsay Burrell, second son of his Lordship, to Miss Daniel.

At Westelleon, Hants, Gen. Sir David Dundas, K. B. &c. to Miss Delancy, of Hall Place.

At Clifton, near Bristol, Capt. Norchey Hopkins, of 23d regt. son of Major-General Norchey Hopkins, to Miss Fortescue, daughter of the late Gerald Fortescue, Esq. and niece to the Marquisses of Lothian and Wellesley, and Sir. C. Fortescue.

In Dublin, the Hon. D. G. Hallyburton, son of the late Earl of Aboyne, to Louisa, only child of Sir E. Leslie, Bt. County of Kerry.

On Thursday last, at Walcot Church, Bath, George Samuel Kett, Esq. of Sheething-hall, Norfolk, to Miss Milford, only daughter of Richard Milford, Esq. of that city.

On Wednesday the 2d ult. at Highnam Chapel, Edward Webb, Esq. of Stoke Bishop, in the county of Gloucester, to Miss Guise, daughter of the late Sir John Guise, Bart. of Highnam Court, in the aforesaid county, and sister to the present Sir William Guise.

DEATHS.

At Fitzroy Farm, the Right Hon. Dowager Lady Southampton.

At Barking Hall, Suffolk, the Hon. Miss S. Ashburnham, second daughter of Viscount St. Asaph, in the 20th year of her age.

At her father's house, in Dover-street, the Hon. Miss Thellusson, eldest daughter of Lord Rendlesham.

On Thursday, after a lingering illness, Edmond James Moody, Esq. of the Navy Office, aged 32 years, eldest son of Robert Sadlier Moody, Esq. Commissioner for Victualling His Majesty's Navy.

In December last, at Delhi, aged 78, Shaw Allum, the Emperor of Indostan, commonly called the great Mogul, who was restored to his throne by General Lord Lake a short time ago, after having his eyes put out, and being imprisoned many years, by the Mahrattas. He was a lineal descendant of Tamerlane. Ackber Shaw, his second son, succeeds to the throne.

At Celle, in Germany, on the 8th ult. the mother of the gallant General Bennigsen, in the 81st year of her age.

At Ford, in Northumberland, aged 85, Mr. Rob. Sanderson, who served as ordinary surgeon to General Wolfe, at the memorable attack on Quebec, and was the person represented as supporting the British General after he had got his fatal wound. He often boasted that he was the person who shot General Montcalm, the French Commander at that place.

The Rev. Mr. Barker, of Burslem, an occasional preacher at the methodist chapel in Stafford, in the midst of his discourse on Sunday week, expired suddenly without any previous symptoms of illness, and fell from the pulpit, to the great terror and amazement of the congregation.

Lately, at Muirkirk, Scotland, John Paterson, aged 131 years and some months. He was a shepherd from an early period of his life till within these few years.

Lately, at Mauchline, aged 61, Janet Caldwell, widow of Robert Wilson, who, during the last six years of her life, had been tapped for a dropsy 74 times, and had 2388 pints of water drawn off.

In North Carolina, Mr. Samuel Dalton, aged 115 years: he had never lost his appetite by indisposition a single hour. He was but once married, and there are now living upwards of 600 of his offspring.

FASHIONS

FOR AUGUST, 1807.

Fig. No. 1.—*Morning Walking Dress for Ladies* is composed of a plain white cambric robe, with a short train, made high so as to wrap straight over the bosom to the left side, and continues open to the bottom; the back of the dress is cut square from the shoulders, and is drawn in the waist to a narrow point; long full sleeves; the bottom of the robe is inlet with two rows of rich point lace, about half a quarter distance from each other; a small French cloak, composed of white silk floss net, lined throughout with a rich lilach sarsnet; it is fulled into a narrow band of lilach sarsnet, laced square across the back, fastened on the left shoulder, and is brought over the right with a long strip of sarsnet and tassel, covered with net. A double diamond straw jockey bonnet, trimmed with a quilling of white lace over the right eye, and a small wreath of lilach roses across the front of the bonnet, tied with a lilach silk handkerchief.

Fig. No. No. 3.—*An Evening Full Dress for Ladies.*—A beautiful pink blossom Italian crape, body and train made with an apron front, which descends to the bend of the knee, trimmed with a broad Brussells lace, worn over a soft white satin slip, ornamented round the bottom with a magnificent border of hearts-ease, worked with pearls; white satin sleeves made plain and short, and worked at the edge with a small wreath of hearts-ease to correspond with the dress: the back made very low and square, inlet in the middle with rich point lace; the bosom easily full, drawn very low down at each corner of the neck, with a crooked pearl slide to separate the bosom; a rich pink girdle with large full tassels, intermixed with pearls, fastens the waist, and reaches nearly to the extremity of the dress: the hair bound straight across the top of the head, combed smooth on the right side of the head, and lies flat on the face, in an irregular form; long ringlets from the left eye, and from behind the right ear; a rich tiara of pearls in front. Ear-rings and neck-lace of *dead* gold. Gloves and shoes of pale pink silk.

Fig. No. 4.—*An Opera Full Dress.*—An elegant dress of white spider gauze, superbly embroidered in rich bunches of silver acorns, worn over a white figured sarsnet petticoat; the dress and petticoat trimmed with a rich silver border; the back of the dress made frock fashion; the front to the form of the bosom; short puff sleeves gathered into a silver band to correspond with the dress; and a bunch of small full blown roses in buds, intermixed with jessamine, and fastened in the center of the bosom. The drapery which confines the whole of the hair, is composed of pale blue and purple shot sarsnet, richly embroidered round the edge with a wreath of silver grapes and vine leaves. The drapery is suspended from the right side of the head, and reaches to the ancle with a rich tassel of blue and silver at the end: the drapery is fastened round the head with a handsome high scollopped band of silver, with a silver crest in front, similar to a tiara. White kid gloves, Shoes of pale blue sarsnet.

Morning Full Dress for Gentlemen.—An olive-green doubled breasted coat, white waistcoat and trowsers. The most fashionable *Undresses for the Morning* are composed of light or green mixtures; the latter is called the parsley mixture, which is beginning to usurp the preference—these coloured coats are worn single breasted, with collars of the same cloth, and almost universally a plaited button—they are also shorter than the evening coats, made without pocket flaps, and rendered as light as possible. Printed stripe quilting waistcoats, single breasted and without binding. Light coloured kerseymere pantaloons and gaiters, or breeches and gaiters; white or Nankin trowsers with or without gaiters, and some few striped trowsers.

Evening Dress.—Dark blues with flat gilt buttons, and in general with collars of the same; and forest greens, with collars of the same cloth, or of black velvet, according to the fancy of the wearer. The buttons on green coats are guided by fancy. White waistcoats are universal. Breeches are generally of Nankin, or light drabs and pearl coloured kerseymeres.

SPORTING VARIETIES.

CRICKET.—The grand match in Lord's Ground, on Monday, the 15th ult. between six gentlemen, and five players, of Hampshire, against six gentlemen, and five players, of England, for 1000 guineas a side, was decided in favour of the former, by 24 runs.

The grand return match, between 13 gentlemen of England, against 23 of Kent, for 1000 guineas a side, commenced on Monday, July 20, on Pennenden Heath, near Maidstone. The best players in Lord's Ground were matched against the best players of Kent, and as the three-and-twenty had obviously the chances in their favour to keep the field better than the thirteen, and had been successful in the previous match, the bets at the commencement were in favour of the men of Kent, notwithstanding the individual superiority of several of their opponents. The first innings for Kent produced 120 runs, that for England only 75; the odds were then increased against the latter: but Kent having gained only 69 during the second innings, and England, on Wednesday night, 42, with six wickets to go down, the bettings became even. In the first innings, Lord Frederick Beauclerc had only two runs, but in the second 39. At length, on Thursday, after four days play, which was rendered interesting by variety of fortune, and much and varied betting, the contest terminated in favour of the men of Kent, who were 27 runs a-head. Gulley was upon the ground, and offered a display of his pugilistic power; but though a purse was collected for the encouragement of an antagonist to him, no man presented himself to fight for it. Another grand match of Cricket was made between Kent and England, previous to the termination of that which was then pending. England is to allow Kent *forty* men to *bat and bowl*, but only an equal number of *fieldsmen*. The disadvantage which England suffered was from the greater number of Kent hedging in the wickets.

A grand match was played on Saturday last, in Lord Essex's Park, Herts, between eleven gentlemen of the Mary-le-bone Club, against ten gentlemen of the Rickmansworth Club, with Hammond, for 500 guineas a side, which was decided in favour of the latter, by 32 runs. The following is a state of the innings;

Rickmansworth.

First innings	56
Second ditto	106
	162

Mary-le-bone.

First innings	85
Second ditto	47
	132

SAILING MATCH.—On Friday, July 10, the Contractors of the Lottery gave a beautiful Cup, value 50*l*. which was sailed for by the following gentlemen:

Mercury.....Capt. Astley.
Olive Branch.....—— Deacon.
Royal George.....—— Gunston.
Daphne.....—— Bowyer.

They started at five o'clock from Blackfriar's-Bridge, and were all in line till opposite Somerset House; there the Olive Branch shot a-head, the Mercury soon passed her, and got through the center arch of Westminster-bridge, and kept the lead till off Nine Elms; the Olive Branch passed the Mercury about a boat's length, when by a tack the Mercury passed her, and kept a-head of her three boats and a half length to Vauxhall-stairs, where Mr. Astley was presented with the Cup, by the gentlemen; this being the fifth prize won by the same boat, and six prize cups in the whole. A vast assemblage of boats was on the river, and the shores were lined with spectators.

VAUXHALL SAILING MATCH.—Monday, July 27, the Jubilee Cup and Cover, given by the Proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens, was sailed for by the Bellissima, Capt. Farebrother; Mercury, Capt. Astley; and Atalanta, Capt. Enos Smith. The Bellissima took the lead at starting, and appeared evidently to have the advantage, being a much larger vessel, which she maintained the whole contest, and arrived at Vauxhall Stairs at half-past eight, having distanced the Mercury by nearly a quarter of an hour.

BOXING.—The match so long pending between Tom Belcher, and Dutch Sam, was fought on Tuesday, July 28, at Moulsey Hurst, for 100 guineas. Previous to the battle, bets were five to four in favour of Tom Belcher,

notwithstanding he had been vanquished in a former contest by the same antagonist. The number of the persons of distinction present was unparalleled. The Duke of Clarence was one of the spectators.

About half-past eleven o'clock, a ring was formed of all the vehicles on the ground, and in the centre of it a roped ring was fixed, to enclose the scene of this extraordinary contest; but the crowd was so great, as to delay the business for some time. At length, however, the ring was formed, and the combatants appeared ready to engage. Bitten was the second of Sam, and Bill Ward that of Tom Belcher.

They set-to precisely at one o'clock.

From the 28th to the 35th round inclusive, which finished the contest, there was not the least variation. Sam kept winning straight forward; but hitting Belcher, as it was supposed, when one knee had reached the ground, there was a universal cry of "foul, foul," by Belcher's friends; and they persuaded him to rest his claim for the wager on the ground of a foul blow. As it was evident that Belcher could not have supported another round, he was the more inclined to take the advice, and so the matter ended. It was admitted, by many of Sam's friends, that the blow was foul; but they urged that his arm was so far advanced, that he could not withdraw it; and that, from Belcher's exhausted state, there was no necessity for Sam to take advantage of such a blow to win the battle, as no possible chance could lose it him.

Capt. Barclay was umpire on the part of Belcher, and did not think it proper to resign his claim, and the matter was left for future consideration.

ON THE ART OF SWIMMING.

AT this season of the year it cannot be unamusing or uninstructive to the younger part of our readers, particularly such as pleasure or other motives may lead to visit the sea coast, to give some account of the Art of Swimming, which is so wholesome and salutary an exercise, that we feel some surprise it is not regularly taught at schools, as is the case in France. The art of swimming is so ancient, that we have no account of its origin in the history of any nation; nor are there any nations so barbarous but that swimming is known and practised among them, and that in greater perfection than among civilized people. It is probable, therefore, that the art, though not absolutely natural, will always be acquired by people in a savage state from imitating the brute animals, most of whom swim naturally. Indeed, so much does this appear to be the case, that very expert swimmers have recommended it to those who wished to learn, to imitate the motions of the frog in moving through the element of water.

The art of swimming depends entirely upon keeping the body in a proper balance, and this is easily and almost insensibly acquired. The great obstacle is the natural dread which people have of being drowned; and this is impossible to overcome by any thing but accustoming ourselves to go into the water. With regard to the real danger of being drowned, it is but little; and innumerable cases arise entirely from the terror above-mentioned, as will appear from the following observations by Dr. Franklin:

1. "That though the legs, arms, and head "of a human body, being solid parts, are "specifically somewhat heavier than fresh "water, yet the trunk, particularly the upper "part, from its hollowness, is so much lighter "than water, that the whole of the body, taken "together, is too light to sink wholly under "water, but some part will remain above, "until the lungs become filled with water; "which happens from drawing water into "them instead of air, while a person in the "fright attempts breathing while the mouth "and nostrils are under water.

2. "That the legs and arms are specifically "lighter than salt water, and will be supported by it; so that a human body would not sink "in salt water though the lungs were filled as "above, but from the greater specific gravity "of the head.

3. "That, therefore, a person throwing "himself on his back in salt water, and extending his arms, may easily lie so as to keep "his mouth and nostrils free for breathing; "and by a small motion of his hands may prevent turning, if he should perceive any tendency to it.

4. "That in fresh water, if any man throws "himself on his back near the surface, he "cannot long continue in that situation, but

" by a proper action of his hands on the " water. If he uses no such action, the legs " and lower parts of the body will gradually " sink till he comes into an upright position: " in which he will continue suspended, the " hollow of the breast keeping the head up- " permost.

5. " But if in this erect position the head is " kept upright above the houlders, as when we " stand on the ground, the immersion will, by " the weight of that part of the head that is " out of the water, reach above the mouth and " nostrils, perhaps a little above the eyes; so " that a man cannot long remain suspended in " water with his head in that position.

6. " The body continued suspended as be- " fore, and upright, if the head is leaned quite " back, so that the face looks upwards, all " the back part of the head being then under " water, and its weight consequently in a great " measure supported by it, the face will re- " main above water quite free for breathing, " will rise an inch higher every inspiration, " and sink as much every expiration, but " never so low that the water may come over " the mouth.

7. " If, therefore, a person unacquainted " with swimming, and falling accidentally into " water, could have presence of mind suffici- " ent to avoid all struggling and plunging, and " to let the body take this natural position " he might continue long safe from drowning, " till, perhaps, help would come; for as to " the clothes, their additional weight while " immersed is very inconsiderable, the water " supporting it; though when he comes out of " the water, he would find them very heavy " indeed."

The best method of learning to swim is as follows:

The person must walk into water so deep that it will reach the breast. He is then to lie down gently on the belly, keeping the head and neck perfectly upright, the breast advancing forward, the thorax inflated, and the back bent; then withdrawing the legs from the bottom, and stretching them out, strike the arms forward in unison with the legs. Swimming on the back is somewhat similar to that on the belly; but with this difference, that the legs are chiefly employed to move the body forwards, and the arms are often unemployed, for the progressive motion is derived from the movement of the legs. In diving, after the plunge, a person uses the same action as in swimming, only the head is bent downwards; and whenever he chuses to return to his former position, he has nothing to do but to bend back his head, and he will immediately return to the surface.

It is very common for novices in the art of swimming to make use of corks or bladders to assist in keeping the body above water. Some have utterly condemned the use of these; Dr. Franklin, however, allows that they may be of service for supporting the body, while one is learning what is called the stroke, or that manner of drawing in and striking out the hands and feet that is necessary to produce progressive motion. " But," says he, " You will " be no swimmer till you can place confidence " in the power of the water to support you; " I would, therefore, advise the acquiring of " that confidence in the first place, especially " as I have known several who, by a little of " the practice necessary for that purpose, have " insensibly acquired the stroke, taught in a " manner by nature.

" The practice, I mean, is this: choosing a " place where the water deepens gradually, " walk coolly into it till it is up to your breast: " then turn round your face to the shore, and " throw an egg into the water, between you " and the shore; it will sink to the bottom, " and be easily seen there if the water is clear. " It must lie in the water so deep that you " cannot reach it but by diving for it. To " encourage yourself in order to do this, re- " flect that your progress will be from deeper " to shallower water: and that at any time " you may, by bringing your legs under you, " and standing on the bottom, raise your head " far above the water; then plunge under it " your eyes open, throwing yourself towards " the egg, and endeavouring by the action of " your hands and feet against the water, to get " forward till within reach of it. In this at- " tempt you will find that the water buoys " you up against your inclination; that it is " not so easy a thing to sink as you imagined; " that you cannot but by active force get down " to the egg. Thus you feel the power of the " water to support you, and learn to confide " in that power; while your endeavours to " overcome it and reach the egg, teach you the " manner of acting on the water with your " hands and feet: which action is afterwards " used in swimming to support your head " higher above water, or to go forward " through it."

L' AMOUR TIMIDE.

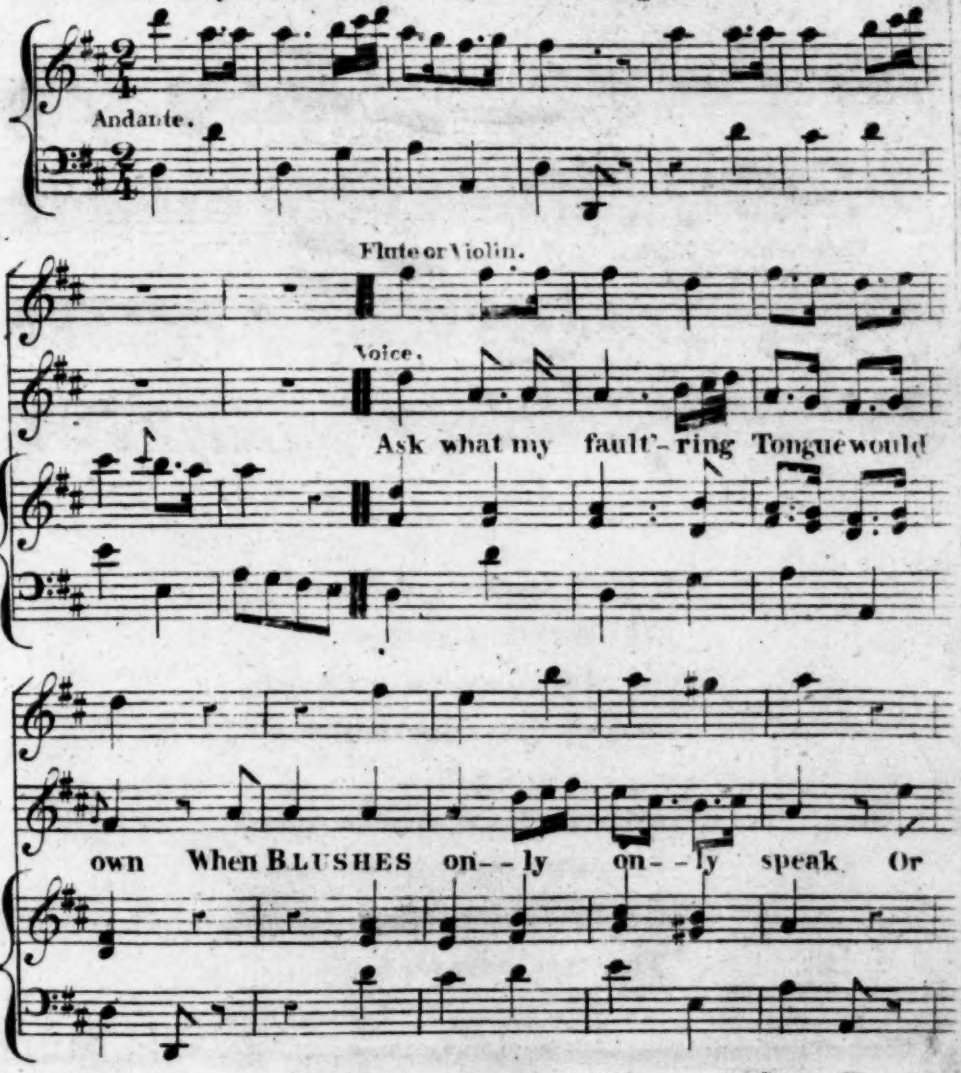
The Words by a Lady of Distinction,

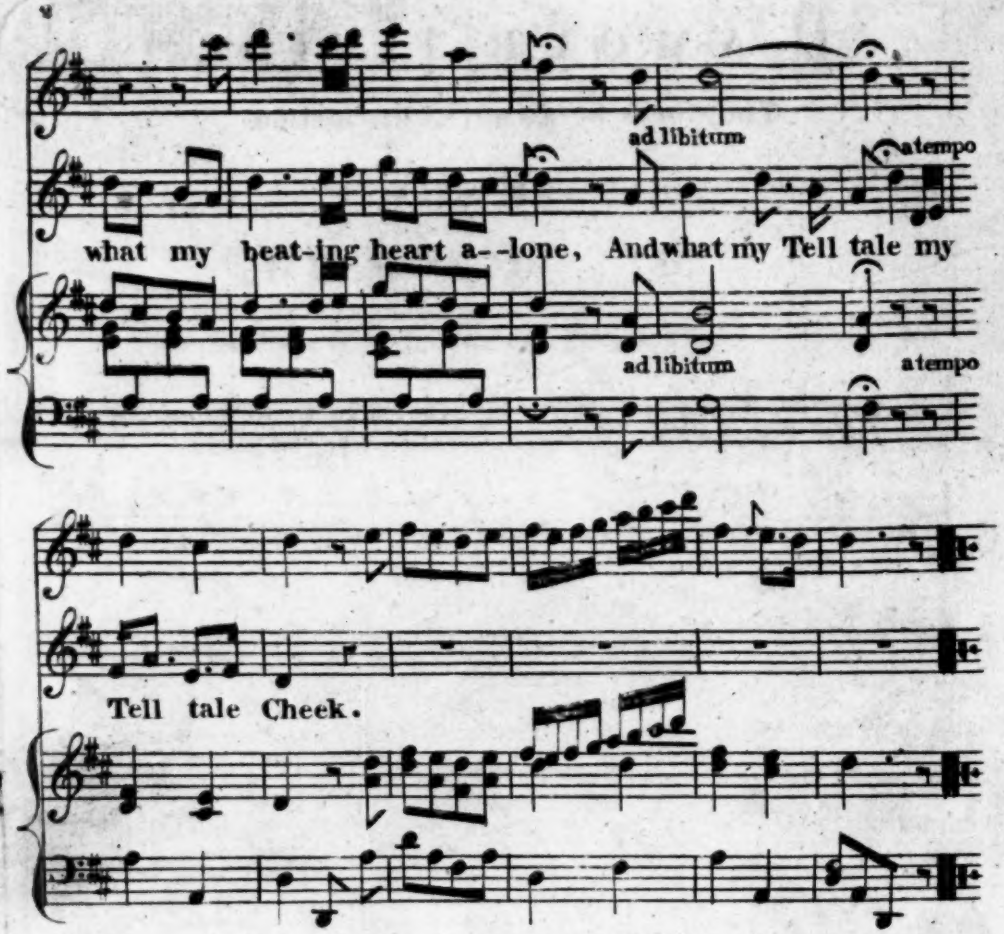
AND THE MUSIC BY

MR. CORRI,

Author of the Music to the Travellers.

Composed expressly and exclusively for Le Beau Monde, or Literary & Fashionable Magazine for August 1807.





— 2 —

Soft as you mark my downcast Eye,
And read enquiry there,
Or ask what means the secret sigh,
And what my Looks declare.

— 3 —

Oh whilst thy Heart to mine replies,
Let answering kindness prove,
That still thro' every chaste disguise,
This this indeed is Love.

ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR AUGUST 1807, AND TO BE CONTINUED MONTHLY.

UNDER THIS HEAD ADVERTISEMENTS WILL BE INTRODUCED, WHICH WILL BE INSERTED AT ANY LENGTH, IF SENT IN OR BEFORE THE 28TH OF EVERY MONTH.

The Price will be for every 8 *lines* SIX SHILLINGS, *and for every* 3 *lines afterwards* ONE SHILLING.

To the Senator, Politician, and Orator, the Literati, the Amateurs of the Fine Arts, and the Public in general.

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THE SECOND NUMBER is magnificently embellished with a correct Likeness of the Rt. Hon. the LORD CHANCELLOR, ELDON, to which is added the Interesting Life of that Illustrious Statesman and Lawyer; and the Continuation of the Parliamentary Debates, &c. &c. &c.

THE THIRD NUMBER, which will be published on Saturday, the 8th of August, will be embellished with an admirable Portrait of the Rt. Hon. CHARLES ABBOT, the SPEAKER of the HOUSE of COMMONS, and will be accompanied with a Biographical Sketch of his Important Life and Political Career, &c. &c. &c.

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It is drawn and engraved by Joshua Bryant, and will be comprised in eight numbers, five of which are now ready for delivery, at 6*s.* each, and the others will be published on the first of each succeeding month.

Each number will contain six plates, with descriptive letter-press, so arranged as to enable any person who has a taste for the fine arts to attain great proficiency. It will comprise an epitome of perspective, and also an abstract of practical Geometry, in which the leading principles of these sciences will be clearly explained.

It is not the intention of this work to undervalue the instructions of a master, but to supply the want of one, or essentially aid his instructions in his absence.

This work will be followed by four additional numbers, comprising the necessary instructions for the use of Indian ink and colours, explified by examples of different series, &c. &c. which may be purchased with the foregoing numbers or separate.

RESOLUTIONS OF FORMING

A NATIONAL LIGHT AND HEAT COMPANY.

AT a very numerous and respectable Meeting, held on Friday, at the Crown and Anchor, Strand.—*Agreed unanimously*, That it appeared, from a detailed official experiment made with Mr. WINSOR'S PATENT LIGHT AND HEAT STOVE, that it can be used without danger or difficulty—saves the whole produce or value estimated by him—and offers the richest prospect of national and individual benefit.

Resolved, as unanimously,

I. That 20,000*l.* or one-fifth of the subscription, should be vested, by DEED, in a committee for lighting a street, &c. in London and Westminster, and for the grand object of obtaining a CHARTER OF CORPORATION, to render this important discovery *more generally beneficial, both to the Government and to the Nation.*

II. That the Noblemen and Gentlemen, nominated as a Provisional Committee at the first General Meeting, should be continued; and that the Blanks of the Deed should be filled up in the Names of

James Ludovic Grant, Esq.
His Grace the Duke of Athol,
Lord Viscount Anson,
Baron Wolffe,
Sir Christopher Baynes, Bart.
Sir Wm. Paxton, Bart.
Sir Matthew Bloxham, Knt,
Wm. Devaynes, Esq.
Charles Cockerill, Esq.
Wm. Henry White, Esq.
John Turton, Esq.
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George Cooper Ridge, Esq.
Arthur Noble, Esq.
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James Hargreaves, Esq.
Joseph Garland, Esq.
Thomas Saunders Sanders, Esq.
Joseph Ricci, Esq.
John Ambrose Tickell, Esq.
Joseph Cooper, Esq.
John Williams, Esq.
Edmund Cobb Harry, Esq.
Leyon Levy, Esq.
James Barlow, Esq.

III. That this Deed should lie, for the signatures of subscribers, at Mr. WINSOR'S Office in Pall-Mall, from Ten in the Morning till Four in the Evening.

IV. That all Subscribers who have hitherto paid but one-tenth, or 10*s.* should pay 10*s.* more on signing the Deed of Trust, before the 1st of September next.

V. That all *Reserves* should be paid with 1*l.* before the same date.

VI. That all Subscribers, who have already paid more than one-fifth, or 1*l.* in five, should have the optional preference of securing by their respective signatures, an adequate property, to render them all equal in the scale of 20 per cent. on the subscription of the capital.

VII. That the Committee should meet on Wednesday, the 12th of August, at Mr. WINSOR'S, in Pall-Mall, at Two o'clock precisely.

VIII. That the thanks of this Meeting be given to the Chairman, and the whole Committee, for their zealous attention to this great national object.

In consequence of the above Resolutions, the scale of 10*s.* deposits is closed; but the subscription of 1*l.* and upwards, remains open a few weeks longer, till the first 15,000 deposits are complete, when the terms of subscription will be advanced at least 50 per cent.

F. A. WINSOR,
Inventor and Patentee of the Gas Lights.

Crown and Anchor, 24th July, 1807.

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30 AUG 56

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with which he has been favoured *during the last season in particular*, to merit a continuance of which, *the utmost attention* to FASHION AND FITTING *will always be observed.*

F. D. requests permission to add, that in the Spring of last year he commenced also executing orders for GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHES, in Partnership with S. CLARK, TAILOR, *late foreman to Mr. Allen.*

DIETRICHSEN and CLARK, TAILORS, having had the happiness to experience *unprecedented success and patronage* from

Men of Fashion,

since their commencement, they beg leave to solicit the further orders of the Nobility and Gentry in TOWN and COUNTRY, to whose commands (addressed as above) *the strictest attention* will be paid, and where a large stock of *fashionable* Cloths, Kerseymeres, &c. &c. is always kept for inspection.

LEATHER BREECHES.

*** Regimentals, and young Gentlemen's Dresses elegantly made, Liveries, &c.

BANKERS, MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, *and Country Residents in general, may have an order executed as above, at a very short notice after their* arrival in LONDON, *or may be informed by Letter how to send up their Measure.*

FASHIONABLE HABITS, LIGHT, ELEGANT AND CHEAP.

SLIPPER AND FORSYTH,

Habit-Makers to their Royal Highnesses the Princesses Augusta and Sophia,

MOST respectfully acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, &c. that they have had manufactured an entire new Article for light Summer Habits, which they beg leave to submit, for the inspection of the Fashionable World, as they combine taste with economy.

S. and F. are happy to say that they have met with the approbation of a number of Ladies who have honoured them with a trial; being particularly adapted for this season of the year, either for open carriages or walking, having all the appearance of cloth without the incumbrance of weight so much complained of, and at half the price that Habits are in general charged. Ladies clothes in the greatest variety of the most approved makers, finished complete at six guineas.

No. 12, Vere-street, Cavendish-square.

ROSS'S ACHME,

OR, THE PERFECTION OF HUMAN NATURE.

ROSS respectfully acquaints the Nobility, Gentry, and the whole Fashionable World, that his Head-dresses with the Patent Spring, are from three to ten guineas each, warranted superior to any others at whatever price. The shades are judiciously matched, and so systematically made, as to imitate nature in every respect, with the loose and short curly fine Hair that grows in the neck——no mixture of Hair—all pure colours. They will dress in any shape or form that the taste or fancy of the Lady is inclined to, superior to a Lady's own Hair, and (which is a great acquisition) in an eighteenth part of the time.

Ross's Bandeaus of long Hair, all of one length; his variegated Bandeaus; his tufted and plaited Bandeaus; his tufts of various colours and lengths, all new inventions, from half-a-guinea to one, two, three, four, and five guineas each.

Common Crops he still sells at two and three guineas, which are superior to those made by others at ten and twenty guineas each. Natural Curls from three to five, six, and seven guineas, which, for lightness, elegance, and ease, cannot be equalled; to all of which are placed Elastic Springs of gold, silver, and steel, as the case may require, and for which no additional charge is made; though these Springs have been invented by great diligence, and brought to perfection at a very large expence.

Ross cautions the public from purchasing Perukes and Head-dresses, except at his House: since, from the great demand for them, he cannot sell to the Trade, nor has he any connexion, *in that line of business*, with any man whatever. He begs the public likewise to notice, that he is not the person who advertises "*Old Wigs at reduced prices*:" the uncommon demand for his Perukes of all kinds, renders his doing so impossible. Ross has on sale the greatest choice of natural, forced-natural, and curled-hair Perukes of any other Person; which may be examined in the natural state by those Ladies and Gentlemen who are curious enough to chuse before it is manufactured.

IRISH LINENS.

THE PUBLIC supplied as usual with SINGLE PIECES of IRISH LINEN, at the Trade Prices, at the IRISH LINEN COMPANY'S, No. 4, Bloomsbury-square, near Southampton-street, leading to Holborn, which is the only House they have in this Country.—Each Piece warranted as to Fabric and to be Bleached on the Grass, and the Money returned if a fault appears.

No Article sold but Irish Linen, and not less than a Piece of 25 Yards.

Orders executed with punctuality.—Cash as usual for Bank of Ireland Notes.

J. O'BRIEN, Agent to the Company.

TO THE PROPRIETORS OF THE

AMERICAN SOOTHING SIRUP.

Dr. Buchan most pathetically describes the suffering of children while Cutting their Teeth, as the most dangerous period of the infant.—Sir, I am happy to say that Providence has sent a cure in your Soothing Sirup. I have had nine children, eight have died while cutting their teeth—this one was going in the same way when Mrs. M. Millen, No. 111, Jermyn-street, St. James's, told my wife that she only used the Sirup twice, before her child cut two double teeth. We got two bottles, though at that time the Child had not the least appearance of a tooth, which is not six months ago, and it has now a mouth full of teeth. As a father I hope you will make this letter public; for I know what a parent feels when a darling child is in convulsions, and no relief to be had. Your Sirup gives immediate relief, added to which it is pleasant.

(*Signed*) *Fabsey, No.* 216, *Borough, Southwark*,
July 22, 1807.

The above mentioned Sirup is to be had only of the Proprietor of the Original Italian Oil for the Growth of Hair, No. 94, Newman-street, Oxford-street, and at Golding's, No. 42, Cornhill, at 2*s.* 9*d.* a bottle, or 30*s.* a dozen.

FOR MAKING THE HAIR GROW.

The unexampled success the only real and original Italian Oil has met with for upwards of twenty-five years, in making the hair grow, both thick and long, and preventing its falling off (which it will do in twenty-four hours after illness) continues to be the most fashionable pomade with ladies of high rank, since powder is out of use, by keeping the head and hair perfectly clean; and making the hardest hair as soft as silk, at the same time gives it a most beautiful natural appearance, prevents its turning grey, and even if on the change, will return the hair to its natural colour. The Lady of Sir John Smith, has done the proprietor the high honor in giving him the liberty to say that Lady Smith has found great benefit from the use of the Oils, both in lengthening and thickening the hair, and in keeping the head and hair so perfectly clean as to render the use of a small tooth comb unnecessary.

Caution.—Those Ladies who purchase the Original Italian Oils will please to observe that they are always in pots, with the Proprietor's name, Johnson, signed on a Label across the pot.

To be had at the Proprietors, No. 94, Newman-street, Oxford-street; Golding, No. 42, Cornhill; and at all the principal Perfumers in Town and Country, at 5*s.* a pot, or 2*l.* 14*s.* a dozen.

FALEUR AND DELAFON'S IMPROVED MINERAL TEETH,

18, WOBURN-PLACE.

MR. FALEUR, impressed with the liveliest sense of gratitude for the countenance and support he has already experienced in his profession, feels it his duty to caution the Public, but more particularly those Ladies and Gentlemen who have honoured him with their notice, against the most invidious attacks of a man who, actuated by malice and disappointment, is indefatigable in his efforts to injure him in the Public estimation. The ungenerous calumny has been given in various Publications, but so cautiously worded, that Mr. F. cannot drag him before a Tribunal of Justice.

Mr. Faleur disdains to follow this envious, disappointed individual in the low and scurrilous language he has thought proper to adopt; his aims and wishes are to recommend himself to a generous Public by his efforts to please; and he has so succeeded as to be enabled now to announce, that several of his much respected patrons and friends, who have felt indignant at the ungenerous and undeserved calumny, have voluntarily come forward, and generously desired that they may be referred to as vouchers of his capability in his art.

Mr. F. has also to produce a specimen of this advertising Gentleman's skill, nine Artificial Teeth, which he got from a Gentleman who ranks high in the State, with permission to use his name, and for which he was impudently charged the enormous sum of Sixty Guineas.

Mr. Faleur has only to add, that in consequence of various experiments, he has succeeded in making his Teeth so incorruptible, that he engages to replace them, free of expence, if they are ever known to wear, break, or change colour.

STAYS invented by Mrs. LLOYD GIBBON, who, by advice of eminent medical characters, have obtained His Majesty's Royal Patent for Stays which are now considered by the faculty in London and Edinburgh, to be the only proper Stays that has or can be invented, being founded upon real anatomical principles. The plan is truly scientific, acting upon two principles, contracting and extending, by which the chest is expanded to afford free respiration, which prevents and removes those complaints too often occasioned from improper Stays. In the Patent Stays, the back is comfortably supported, the bowels, if pendulous, soon reduced and restored to their former situation, and the most graceful figure is improved and preserved, from the earliest to the latest period of life. Persons in a pregnant state will have peculiar comfort in Mrs. Lloyd Gibbon's Pregnant Stays, which she has contrived on purpose for that state. Mrs. L. G. suites every Lady herself, and may be seen from eleven to five. To save trouble, all sizes are ready. Price, from three to four guineas, to be paid when suited. N. B. No letters will be received if not post paid.

No. 7, Sacville-street, Piccadilly.

THE ONLY REPOSITORY IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE,

Where Comfort, Ease, Durability, Pleasantness, Economy, and Utility, are combined to

A SAVING OF ONE GUINEA IN THREE, IN

COLLYER'S SILK STOCKINGS,

WITH COTTON FEET.

146, *Fleet-street.*

A most rich, valuable, and elegant Selection of Ladies' and Gentlemen's stout and fine black, white, and coloured Silk Hose, from 7*s.* 6*d.* or Three Pair for One Guinea, to superfine, with the most fashionable clocks, 10*s.* 6*d.*

N. B. To such of the Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry, who have not made trial of their distinguished and unequalled excellencies, it may be proper more precisely to state, that they are far more comfortable, soft, and pleasant, twice as durable, and though every way equal in richness, elegance, and quality, are not two-thirds the price of those with silk feet.

*** Every Article of Hosiery.

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